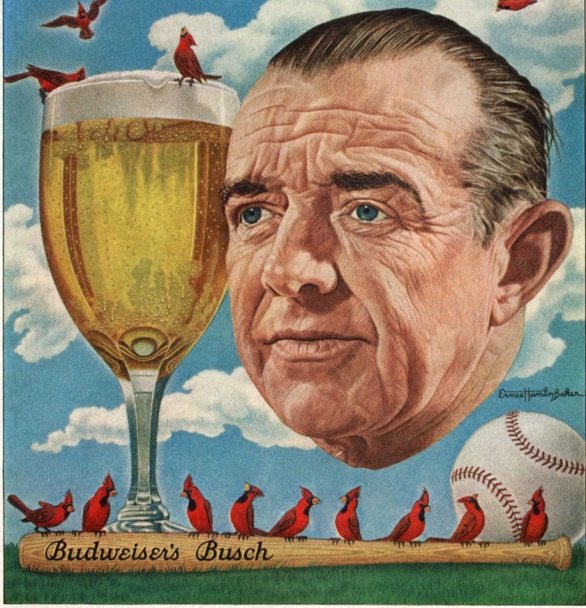


TWENTY CENTS

JULY 11, 1955

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



\$5.00 A YEAR

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

VOL. LXVI NO. 2



Like the typical father shown above, Anthony Kalupy is fishing Friday evening, not battling traffic. This is one benefit of Wisconsin's progressive road-building program.

How to get longer vacations

Like to get in an extra fishing session each week? Anthony Kalupy does—courtesy of Wisconsin's road-building program. How's your state doing?

The Kalupy family vacations at Green Lake, Wisc., 93 miles from its Milwaukee home. After work Fridays, Anthony, the father, drives up.

"Friday night used to be wasted," he recalls. "By the time I arrived it was too late to do anything. U. S. 41 was narrow and full of curves. It went through a half-dozen towns."

No more. U. S. 41 has been relocated and rebuilt by Wisconsin. It bypasses towns, has easy curves and grades. Heavy cross traffic and railroad crossings are eliminated. Anthony makes the

trip in 1 hour and 45 minutes, and Friday night he is fishing, not battling traffic.

In five years, Wisconsin has built and reconstructed almost 3000 miles of state highway. Yet, like most states, it continues to fall behind. It is estimated that 9100 miles of highway would have to be improved to be adequate for present traffic.

The cost is small. A Wisconsin motorist who drives 10,000 miles pays less than \$60 a year for all the roads at his disposal. That's less than he pays for his insurance.

Find out about your own state's highway program. It takes only a post card to your state highway commissioner or your governor's office.

Then, as an informed citizen, let your feelings be known. And, drive safely—the life you save may be your own.

Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.

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DIESEL ENGINES • TRACTORS • MOTOR GRADERS
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THE WORLD'S NO. 1
ROAD BUILDING EQUIPMENT

(Left) U. S. 41—once a bottleneck—now is a safe, quickly traveled highway. Last year Wisconsin spent \$32 million building and improving 1025 miles of highway.

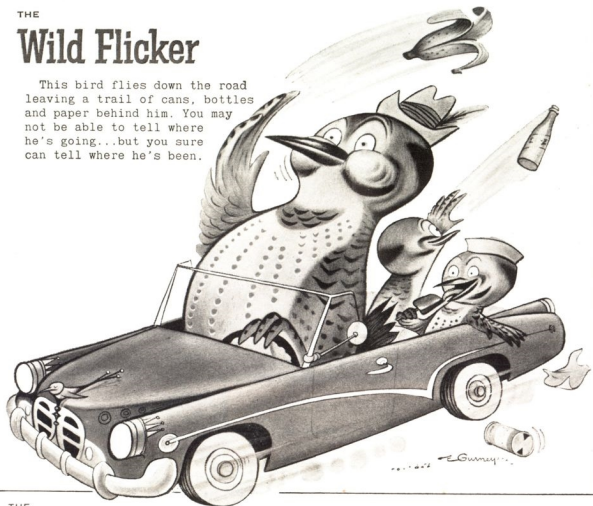
(Right) Wherever you see Caterpillar machines working on your roads, you can be sure your state is getting its money's worth.



THE

Wild Flicker

This bird flies down the road leaving a trail of cans, bottles and paper behind him. You may not be able to tell where he's going...but you sure can tell where he's been.



THE

Smart Bird

uses the trash baskets at road stops or waits till he gets home to get rid of refuse. He's considerate of roadside beauty...knows, too, it's dangerous to throw things from a car.

The Smart Bird doesn't "throw away" engine power, either. He uses premium gasoline. Its higher octane rating lets him enjoy all the power his engine can deliver. He gets more pleasure...more value every mile.



It's smart to use
premium gasoline



ETHYL
CORPORATION

PHOTOGRAPHY AT WORK—No. 16 in a Kodak series



Photography teams with electronics and adds new certainty to flight

Now a visual computer pictures a plane's precise position and heading on projected photos of aeronautical maps.

Arma Division, American Bosch Arma Corporation, working with the Air Navigation Development Board and Civil Aeronautics Authority, has developed a valuable new aid in air navigation using photography.

With it the pilot, high above the weather, flicks a switch and before him appears a map of the area he's over. On the screen a tiny shadow of a plane moves and shows exactly

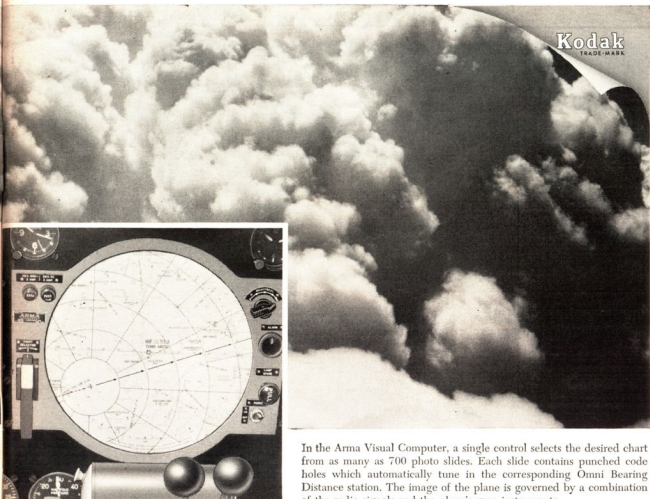
where he is, where he's heading and whether he's on course.

This spells added certainty. Even more! It can mean savings in time and money, too. For the flight can proceed by plan rather than by dog legs on the beams.

So again we see photography at work helping to improve operations—doing it for commercial aviation just as it does for manufacturing and distribution.

Photography works in many ways for all kinds of business, large and small. It is saving time, saving money, bettering methods. You can use it profitably, too. Some of the ways are listed at the right. Check them over.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.



In the Arma Visual Computer, a single control selects the desired chart from as many as 700 photo slides. Each slide contains punched code holes which automatically tune in the corresponding Omni Bearing Distance station. The image of the plane is governed by a combination of the radio signals and the plane's gyro instruments.

... and here are 16 basic places where Photography can work for you

—5 minutes with this check list can be the soundest business move you've made this year

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LETTERS

Perón v. the Church

Sir:

... The battle between Perón and the Roman Catholic Church is not a battle against God or religion but a battle to establish an American principle—the separation of church and state, which the Roman Catholic hierarchy finds intolerable... In every country where it is possible, the Roman Catholic Church is a dictatorial, political machine, which works under the disguise of clerical robes...

(THE REV.) A. MARVIN SANDERS
Metairie Baptist Church
New Orleans

Sir:

I was shocked to read such a biased report on Argentina in the June 20 issue. Why anybody in his right mind would condone someone who puts religion before country beats me... Public denunciation and execution would be the most appropriate fate for these traitors!... I say more power to Perón. He is obviously too great a man to be "shaken down" under the penalty of excommunication.

DONALD J. WEST
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

... A cryptic commentary on current conditions in Argentina may lie in the fact that within a few hours of arrival I have been offered by Time-starved residents here \$10 each for my two recent back issues of Time—looked by customs inspectors. A "freedom-loving," double-talking Peronista regime has made sure that all copies destined for the country "just haven't arrived." All because you printed the truth.

A. R. DAYTON
Buenos Aires

Stripes & Stars of Rebellion

Sir:

That was an interesting evolution attributed to the flag of the U.S. [June 20]... Of much greater significance would be the discovery of the patriot who first conceived the idea of putting the stars and stripes into one flag of red, white and blue. The only one who seems to have had the ability to create such a design at the time was Francis Hopkinson. And the claim advanced for him is on shaky ground...

DAVID EGENBERGER
Skokie, Ill.

Sir:

I believe that the stars and stripes owe their origin to the coat of arms of the Washington family. May I refer you to a church in Windermere, England? ... It was built in 1485; John Washington, an ancestor of George's, was active in the church building. In his honor his coat of arms was placed near the top and center of the stained-glass window where it remains to be seen today... white stars on blue field and red and white stripes...

FRED G. BREITZKE
Little Rock, Ark.

The Principal Pioneer (Contd.)

Sir:

... While reading the story on Mr. Walter Reuther [June 20], I could not help thinking what a wonderful thing it would be if the disabled veterans had a man like him to go to bat for them—assuming that he understands our problems—as he does for the auto workers...

FREDERICK A. RICHARDSON
Minneapolis

Sir:

It is a bit discouraging to find... that Reuther won from Ford and G.M. the "principle" of the guaranteed annual wage... The controlling word is "guaranteed." The auto workers under the new contracts are guaranteed nothing... The only "guarantee" is that the companies will pay \$6 per hour per worker into a jobless benefit fund. The benefits to the workers vary with the amount of money in the fund. If either company went through two straight years of heavy layoffs, by the end of that time there would probably be no benefits at all. Is that "guaranteed"?... The fact is that Reuther has won an important, interesting new fringe benefit that will have no more revolutionary impact on the economy than the many other fringe benefits, such as pensions and health insurance...

EDWIN L. DALE JR.
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

Had the unknown person who shot and wounded Walter Reuther some years ago taken better aim, America would not now be headed straight down the drain. As a result of the recent negotiations, my present and future automobile will be British.

(X/1ST C) JAMES M. NOBLE
Paris U.S.N.

Sir:

We congratulate TIME for the article. The dedicated leadership, labor statesmanship and social philosophy of Walter Reuther have endeared him to the rank and file everywhere. By any standard of comparison he is the labor leader of the century.

LAURENCE RYAN
Oshawa, Ont.

Canine Delinquents

Sir:

I am a dog owner, but what you'd call an anti-dog lover... and I believe in leash laws [June 27] wholeheartedly... Our dog stays at home—he does not tramp through vegetables and flowers, relieve himself on strangers' lawns, vomit on back porches, tip garbage pails or roll in manure—nor, might I add, does he bark incessantly for no good reason... As delinquent children are the offspring of lazy parents, so are delinquent dogs the product of so-called "dog lovers," who find it easier to let the neighbors supervise their canine friends' activities.

MARILYN J. YOUNG
Delmar, N.Y.

The Lorelei

Sir:

You published an interesting profile of Germany's new Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano in the June 20 issue... The Lorelei was not written by [his forebear] Clemens Brentano, but by Heinrich Heine... When the Nazis came to power, they felt they had to "appropriate" it for the Nordic race. They omitted the name of the Jew Heine and just called it "a folksong." Clemens Brentano, however, has one real claim to fame; he was the joint editor of *Der Knaben Wunderhorn*, one of the most important folksong collections in the history of German literature.

FELIX E. HIRSCH
Librarian and Professor of History
State Teachers College
Trenton, N.J.

Clemens Brentano created the Lorelei fable on which Poet Heine based his most famous poem.—Ed.

Vote on the Beam

Sir:

I was appalled by your quotation attributed to Senator Lyndon Johnson [June 20] in which he exhorted the tower at Washington's airport to get Northwest's Flight 300 on the ground (before a close Senate vote). Completely unbelievable! This is the kind of leadership we are now getting in the Senate? I suggest that Senator Johnson take time off and visit an airport control tower in a high-density area during the kind of weather operations that were obviously prevailing. The tower personnel and the crew of Flight 300 were undoubtedly having their hands and minds full of enough problems... without some crackpot and ignorant Senator distracting them for his precious colleague's vote...

DAVID B. JACKSON
Evanston, Ill.

The Man Who Brought the Gas

Sir:

YOUR PATRILLO HIGGINS OBITUARY [JUNE 20] WAS EXCELLENT. WE WERE DELIGHTED THAT THROUGH YOUR MEDIUM MILLIONS COULD LEARN ABOUT THIS GREAT AMERICAN, AS YOU PORTRAYED HIM, MR. HIGGINS WAS AN EXPLORER, AND NEVER A WEALTHY MAN... HE MADE NOTHING AT SPINDLETOP, LATER AT GOOSE CREEK AND BARBERS HILL HE FOUGHT THAT PROVIDED HIM WITH A COMFORTABLE ROYALTY

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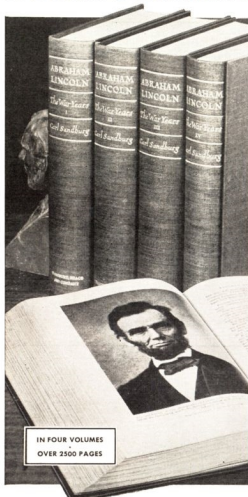
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JAMES A. CLARK

MICHAEL T. HALBOUTY

Houston
¶ If Pattillo Higgins' memory is neglected, it will be no fault of Authors Clark and Halbouty (*Spindletop*).—Ed.

Comfort for Cutter

Sir:
Your June 20 report of the Cutter Laboratories is the first account I have read since the vaccine snafu; it is gratifying to hear of their competitors' offers of help. The companies should be commended.

MRS. ANDREW P. MONROE JR.
Wilmette, Ill.

Sir:
. . . I am hard put to decide whence came your sniveling story of Cutter Laboratories . . . Your transparent attempt to restore Cutter to its pedestal was only a little less ridiculous than the Los Angeles drug chain that "planned to buy only Cutter products when possible" . . .

T. G. CAVOLINA

New York City

SIR:
THANK YOU FOR THE FACTUAL AND SYMPATHETIC HANDLING OF THE CUTTER STORY. SUBSTITUTED A CORRECTION FOR ONE WORD? SUBSTITUTED "BIOLOGICAL" FOR "PHARMACEUTICAL" IN THE LINE READING CUTTER "IS THE SECOND OLDEST PHARMACEUTICAL HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY UNDER CONTINUOUS OWNERSHIP AND MANAGEMENT." THERE ARE SEVERAL OLDER DRUG HOUSES, SOME OF WHICH PRODUCE NO BIOLOGICALS . . .

FRED A. CUTTER

BERKLEY, CALIF.

Sir:
Congratulations on the article. A good laboratory and a good institution devoted to the public welfare receives just commendation.

L. HENRY GARLAND, M.D.

San Francisco

The Knife That Black Built

Sir:
In the June 20 issue there appears your report on the bowie knife along with a request for one from the King of Iraq . . . The letter you mention was a personal one to me from the King's aide-de-camp . . . asking me where he could obtain such a knife and also books on Western gunmen, etc. . . . As to the controversy over the name of the inventor of the knife, that was settled when my book *Bowie Knife* was published. A monument was raised to the inventor, James Black, more than half a century ago. The ashes of his old blacksmith shop, where he produced the knife, are covered by this monument in the town of Past this shop ran the footpath trod by every emigrant who went to Texas and every murderer who was chased back . . . More murders were committed between Washington and the Cross Timbers than in any other spot of similar size in the U.S. in the early days.

Here James Black settled before there was a town in 1824. Six years later he built the original bowie for [Colonel] James Bowie. He built many others until stricken blind. In 1870 he died in the home of Governor Dan Jones.

RAYMOND W. THORP

Los Angeles

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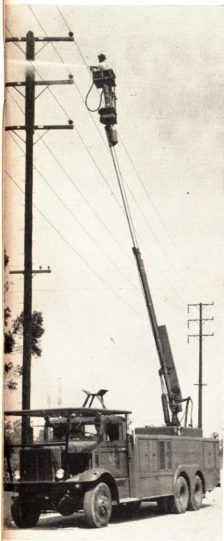
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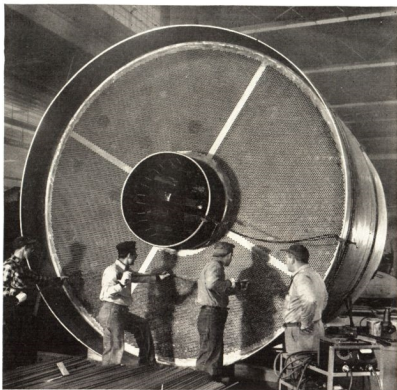
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PUBLISHER'S LETTER



FRANK MCCULLOCH

Dear TIME-Reader:

WHEN Dallas Bureau Chief Frank McCulloch was a bush-league pitcher before World War II, he often daydreamed of sitting on the St. Louis Cardinals' bench and hearing the manager say: "Frank, we need this one for the pennant—go in and win it."

One game he pitched for the Verdi (Nev.) Ramblers against the Fallon (Nev.) Merchants in the Sierra Nevada League he will never forget. Verdi's starting pitcher walked the first three men up. "Then they took him out for wildness and put me in," Frank recalls. Frank's best pitch in those days was a side-arm fast ball, thrown with a kind of rural free delivery—sometimes the ball went all over the countryside. His first pitch caught the batter in the back, forcing in a run. His second hit the next batter, and forced in another run. "Hey Rube," enraged Fallon fans screamed, "cut it out!"

The third pitch bounced off the third batter's head, and the Fallon crowd poured out of the stands, bent on tar-and-feathering McCulloch. But cooler heads prevailed; they argued that after all McCulloch had just presented the Merchants with three runs. The fans returned to the stands and McCulloch went back to the mound. Respectfully,

the Merchants stood far back from the plate. But Frank's sizzler began to work. He went on to strike out 19 batters and even walloped a seventh-inning homer, but the damage was done—Verdi lost, 5-4.

Pitcher McCulloch never made the Cardinals' bench, but Newsman McCulloch did. When he went up from Dallas to report this week's cover story on **August Anheuser Busch Jr.**, he had a chance to watch the Cards' workout from the bench, courtesy of Owner Busch. While there, a front-office man told him that the Cards had in their files an old scout report on him. It said: fast but wild; watch. Frank finished college at the University of Nevada ('41), worked as a reporter for the United Press, and joined the Marines to fight in World War II.

Covering the ebullient owner of the Cards involved more than baseball. McCulloch spent many hours at the Anheuser-Busch brewery, absorbing facts about beer. One afternoon, after all the facts were absorbed, Frank and Contributing Editor George Daniels, who wrote the cover story, submitted to Brewmaster Frank Schwaiger's blindfold test, comparing Budweiser and Michelob with other brands of beer. "This beer-tasting," McCulloch concluded, "is a fine tradition."

Cordially yours,

James A. Liven

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2 ATOMIC SUBMARINE ENGINES ELECTRICITY AS MANHATTAN

**Both built by WESTINGHOUSE.
One has been operating two years.**

Actual production of electricity from atomic energy has been going on in this country for more than two years.

The nation's first two atomic submarine propulsion plants . . . both built by Westinghouse for the Atomic Energy Commission and the Navy . . . have produced more than five million kilowatt hours of electricity.

This would have been enough, if it had been so used, to light New York's Manhattan Island and supply all the other electrical needs of its homes, offices and factories for 10 hours.

The first of these plants is in a land-locked submarine hull in Idaho and went into actual operation on May 31, 1953, producing the first substantial quantities of atom-produced electricity. The second power plant propels the submarine Nautilus.

These atomic engines helped to substantiate the fact that the atom is a practical source of electric power.

Only a fraction of the potential electrical production of these two engines has been used for the generation of electricity.

If all the power of these two plants had been used to drive turbine generators instead of turning propeller shafts, they would have produced about eighteen million additional kilowatt hours of electricity. This amount would supply the homes, offices and factories of Manhattan for thirty-four hours.



HAVE PRODUCED AS MUCH REQUIRES FOR 10 HOURS

WESTINGHOUSE... FIRST IN ATOMIC POWER

FIRST industry-owned reactor for testing and developing materials and fuels for atomic power plants . . . to be built by Westinghouse at Blairsville, Pa. Announced April, 1955.

FIRST atomic engine to drive submarine; U. S. S. Nautilus went to sea January 17, 1955. Westinghouse now working on atomic engines for two additional submarines.

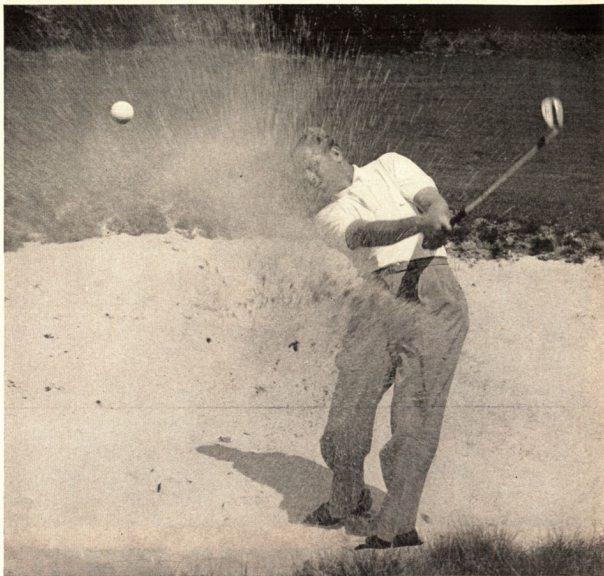
FIRST atomic reactor for full-scale peacetime electrical generating power plant in the U.S. is now being built by Westinghouse for AEC; reactor to be operated by Duquesne Light Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., which also will build and operate the electric generating portion of the station.

FIRST contract to develop atomic engine for large surface ship . . . awarded to Westinghouse, October 15, 1954.

FIRST privately-financed factory devoted exclusively to building parts for atomic power plants, at Cheswick, Pa. Started operation December, 1953.

FIRST substantial quantities of useful atomic power produced at the National Reactor Testing Station, Idaho, May 31, 1953. Reactor built by Westinghouse for AEC.

YOU CAN BE SURE.. IF IT'S
Westinghouse



WHAM! *When you want real scuff-resistance . . . you get it with Spalding's new DURA-THIN DOT*

Not only from traps . . . but from wiry rough and on hard-to-make "pinch" shots as well, the new DOT* comes up round and true . . . hole after hole.

It's the new DURA-THIN* cover that does it—the revolutionary cover on the new Spalding DOT that adheres to the ball with a new strength to defy scuffing and cutting up . . . even on ball-killing high-iron shots.

The new DOT offers more durability and lasting play than any other high-compression ball. Here is greater compactness for longer play, too. On the fairway or in the rough, the DOT gives you new accuracy, new control.

Play your next round with the new DOT. Get *all* the distance and durability a ball can deliver. DOTs are sold through golf professionals only.

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GOLF'S MOST WINNING COMBINATION



SPALDING
SETS THE PACE IN SPORTS

*TRADE-MARK

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY "A War for Peace"

In a few impromptu phrases at his news conference last week, the President of the U.S. gave a fresh meaning to the nation's foreign policy. Dwight Eisenhower was talking about his plan for an atom-powered merchant ship to dramatize his "atoms for peace" program. With intense feeling, he exclaimed: "If we are going to win this war for peace, let's stop talking about 'cold war.' We are trying to wage a war for peace."

Toward the Summit. The theme of peace was very much on his mind all week. After his six-day New England trip, the President got up on a platform at Maine's Dow Air Force Base to say farewell to 5,000 waiting, waving down-Easters. He was working, he said, toward one end: "Peace on this earth, for which we all aspire." On the flight to Washington aboard the *Columbine*, he discussed with Secretary of State John Foster Dulles plans for the Big Four conference at Geneva on July 18: the long-heralded Parley at the Summit with the British, French and Soviet chiefs of state.

Preparations for Geneva occupied a good part of the presidential week. At a special White House luncheon, Eisenhower discussed the conference with the 20 top Latin American envoys (who were delighted by the unusual gesture of hemispheric solidarity). He invited 26 congressional leaders from both parties to another White House conference on Geneva this week. He approved the official list of nine U.S. delegates^a accompanying him on the trip—the first peacetime journey to Europe by any American President since Woodrow Wilson's fateful sojourn for the 1919 Paris conference.

Prospects: Better. At his news conference, despite the muggy heat, Ike was crisp and cheerful. He wore a brown suit and purple-blue tie, looked tanned and fit. Adroitly, he fielded questions about a second term. When a newsman suggested that the cheering roadside crowds in New England meant that many people "would

like to see you stand for re-election," Ike quipped: "You possibly saw my friends along the roads, and we don't know who was behind in the alleys." The newsmen roared.

Gravely, the President dealt with grave issues. He restated basic U.S. policy on the Soviet satellite states: until they are freed, "there could be no real peace." But he shrugged over a resolution, passed 367 to 0 by the House, urging their liberation.



PRESIDENT EISENHOWER
Cheerful, grave and hopeful.

"How?" he asked. "You are certainly not going to declare war, are you?" On world disarmament, he said flatly: "It is going to be a very long and tortuous road." Disarmament always is, he added. "I have personally been studying it for 40 years." He termed last month's Bering Strait incident, the Soviet jet attack on a U.S. patrol bomber, as probably a "misunderstanding" (at week's end the U.S. decided to accept the Soviet apologies and their offer to pay 50% of the damage).

Eisenhower outlined his plans and expectations for Geneva. He intends to leave on July 15 or 16. He noted that his time for the conference was limited (probably about six days). Weighing his words carefully, he stated the U.S. approach to Geneva: "Obviously, some change has come about in the Soviet attitude," he

said, "that [may make] it easier to live with them, easier to negotiate with them, easier to solve problems."

He warned: "No one believes that the great Marxian doctrine of world revolution has been abandoned by its advocates. We have got, therefore, to be careful." But he did not rule out positive results: "There could be decisions on how we would approach them." His estimate of the prospects: "Better than I thought they were two months ago."

39th Anniversary. At his desk the President added a third telephone for interoffice calls (his other phones: a line to the White House switchboard, a direct line to Secretary Dulles and other top officials). He signed a bill giving 1,000,000 federal workers a pay raise—their first since 1951—averaging \$325 a year. He sent Congress, which turned down his \$21 million request for the atom-powered merchant ship, a second request for the money. "Any way you can do it is cheap," he insisted.

He greeted enthusiastically the Army's new Chief of Staff, one of his World War II division commanders (the famed 101st Airborne, General Maxwell Taylor ("Max, I hope to see you often up here"). At week's end he flew in his new small plane to his Gettysburg farm for a White House staff picnic celebrating a special occasion: the 39th anniversary of the day in Denver when, newly promoted to 1st lieutenant, Ike Eisenhower married Mamie Doud.

The End of Dixon-Yates?

In downtown Memphis, a dingy, narrow street bears a significant (to Memphians) name: November 6th Street. It commemorates the day in 1934 when Memphis, urged on by its utility-baiting political boss, the late Edward H. ("Mister") Crump, voted against private power and for the Tennessee Valley Authority power system (it was the first major city to enter TVA). Most Memphians have remained passionately loyal to TVA; they were outraged when the Eisenhower Administration, under the Dixon-Yates contract (TIME, June 28, 1954 et seq.), decided to bypass TVA in constructing a \$107 million power installation in the Memphis area. In the mind of Memphis, the Dixon-Yates deal became a thing to be avoided at all cost.

The Dixon-Yates contract, complex though it was, grew out of a simple set of facts. Memphis urgently needed more

^a Secretary Dulles; White House Special Assistant Dillon Anderson and Press Secretary James C. Hagerty; State's Counselor Douglas MacArthur II; Policy Planning Director Robert R. Bowie; Assistant Secretary for European Affairs Livingston T. Merchant; and Legal Adviser Herman Phleger; Ambassadors Charles E. Bohlen (to the U.S.S.R.) and Llewellyn E. Thompson (to Austria).

power; it had long since outgrown TVA facilities. President Eisenhower was opposed to the continued expansion of TVA, which had already spread far beyond its originally conceived limits. Dixon-Yates was his answer—and it was consistent with his policy of local power development “with the cooperation of the Administration in Washington . . . devoted to the principle of decentralized government and the principle of states’ rights.”

The President did, however, tell Memphis officials that he would be more than happy if, as an alternative to Dixon-Yates, the city decided to build its own steam plant. He was told that Memphis could not finance such an operation. But as the emotional war against Dixon-Yates wore on, the idea of a Memphis-built plant began to seem more appealing.

Last week, in a brief special session, the Memphis city commission voted to construct a \$100 million steam plant. TVA was notified that Memphis would not renew its contract in 1958. If it was a bluff, it was likely to be a costly one: President Eisenhower promptly ordered a review of Dixon-Yates that was seen as a first step toward terminating the contract.

THE CONGRESS

A Serious Condition

At the holiday weekend, Democratic Senate Leader Lyndon Johnson left the Mayflower hotel apartment of his friend and colleague, Georgia’s Democratic Senator Walter George (who was recovering from bronchial trouble), and slipped behind the wheel of his blue Chrysler. He drove alone, through the stifling Washington heat, across the Potomac and 40 miles into Virginia to “Huntlands,” the rolling estate of George Brown, Houston contractor and lavish contributor to Johnson’s political campaigns. It was a trip from which Lyndon Johnson would return in a few hours—in an ambulance. He had suffered a coronary occlusion; doctors said his condition was serious.

Shortly after he arrived at Huntlands, Johnson complained of indigestion and asked for some baking soda and water. While other guests went swimming, Johnson retired to a couch in an upstairs room. But the pain in his chest grew worse, and a local doctor was called in; he spotted the trouble immediately. An ambulance was called and Johnson was taken to the National Naval Medical Center at Bethesda, Md.

In the hospital, Johnson was able to talk to his wife and some top aides. Next morning he read the Sunday papers in his bed and seemed comfortable. But the fact was that Lyndon Johnson, 46, would be unable to lead the Senate for the rest of this session.

The most obvious choice to take over, as Acting Majority Leader, was Kentucky’s Senator Earle C. Clements, the Democratic whip, who, like Johnson, has the invaluable knack of staying on good terms with all shades of Democratic Senate factionalism. Clements is a quiet, industrious,

somewhat ponderous behind-the-scenes operator—but he has yet to demonstrate that he can fill the big Senate shoes of Lyndon Johnson.

Johnson’s assets have been his painstaking care for details and his willingness to spend long hours gliding around the Senate, from chamber to cloakroom to corridor, bringing men of widely varying beliefs together in a new party unity. When Johnson wanted the Senate to move faster in its processes his signal was a finger twirled in the air, in the manner of



DEMOCRATS’ JOHNSON
Once too often.

an airplane mechanic instructing a pilot to “Rev your engines.” But as the daily, nerve-shredding pounding of brain and body took its toll, perhaps Lyndon Johnson revved his own engines too often.

List for List

Early in the week, Lyndon Johnson seemed in top shape. “The end is in sight,” he told newsmen shortly after he came from a lunch with members of his policy committee. He had also gone the rounds on Capitol Hill, checking with other key Senators and with the House leaders. All were agreed: the Congress could finish its work in plenty of time for a July 30 adjournment.

With obvious satisfaction, Johnson cited a list of 50 major bills passed by the Senate (some of them were still being considered by the House). Then he tossed a few political taunts toward the White House and its Republican occupant. Said Texas’ Johnson: “I think this list should be contrasted with a statement made by a certain party leader last fall that a Democratic Congress would mean a ‘cold war of partisan politics’ . . . I think on the basis of what this Congress has done that some of the speech writers on Madison Avenue had better run for their dictionaries and find a new definition for ‘cold war.’”

Big Chance. Next day the “certain party leader” replied with a list of his own. When the subject of Johnson’s remarks came up at Dwight Eisenhower’s news conference, the President grinned meaningfully. He reached inside his coat, pulled out a sheet of paper, put on his glasses, and said: “Now, you have just given me a big chance to read a little list of legislation I want.” If the Democrats really wanted to cooperate, Ike said, they could just get to work on his list.

He began to read. The first item was highway construction. Next came the Administration’s military-reserve program. Snapped the President: “This is vital to all of us. Why are we fooling around about it?” He returned to his list: military survivor benefits, housing and health legislation, school construction. When he got to mutual-security authorization and appropriations, he commented acidly: “If anything should go through in a hurry, that should.”

Ike continued, barking out the words like parade-ground commands: refugee-act amendments, water resources, the Upper Colorado, Frying Pan and Cougar dam projects, customs simplification, minimum wage, the atomic peace ship, Hawaiian statehood.

As the President came to the end of his reading he was so riled up that he fumbled with his glasses for a moment before managing to get them off. He took a deep breath and calmed down. He was “just delighted” with what the Congress has done so far, he said. But he added firmly: “Now I want more.”

Shovetails. When Lyndon Johnson read the news report of Ike’s statement, he lashed back: “We are not going to carry out instructions like a bunch of second lieutenants.” In a private conversation with a friend, he spoke of his pride in the record of the 84th Congress. Ironically, in view of his heart attack later in the week, he said he was especially satisfied with the Senate’s accomplishments this year because they had been achieved without exhausting night sessions and “without killing any of the old men on my side.”

As the interchange between Johnson and the President took place, the Congress was in the midst of one of its busiest weeks. Items:

¶ The House passed the military-reserve bill cited in the President’s list. It placed the maximum size of the ready reserve at 2,900,000 (the present maximum is 1,500,000), provided for a new class of trainees: volunteers for six months’ active duty followed by 7½ years in the reserve. For others it set the length of obligated training at six years (broken up, in most cases, into two years of active duty, three years in the active reserve and one year in the stand-by reserve). The bill was sent to the Senate, where little trouble is expected.

¶ By a 273-to-128 vote, the House passed the \$3.2 billion mutual-security bill (also listed by the President). At one point in the debate, Wisconsin’s Republican Rep-

representative Alvin O'Konski, soaring high on oratorical wings, nearly persuaded the House to refuse \$50 million in aid to Yugoslavia. Cried O'Konski: "I'd rather appropriate \$1 billion to the Devil!" Only last-minute pleas by House Speaker Sam Rayburn and G.O.P. Leader Joe Martin saved the grant to Yugoslavia.

Appropriations bills included \$32 billion for the Defense Department, \$466 million for the State and Justice Departments and the federal judiciary, \$2.3 billion for military construction, and \$1.2 billion for the Commerce Department, the Panama Canal Zone and the St. Lawrence Seaway Corp.

Both branches voted to extend the present national-debt limit (\$281 billion) for another year.

The Senate killed President Eisenhower's atomic peace ship proposal by a 42-to-41 vote. All Democrats voting, except South Carolina's J. Strom Thurmond, were against the measure. All Republicans voting were for it.

Both branches approved a resolution setting up a twelve-man bipartisan commission to study the Government security program.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Neutral but Nice

Maneuvering amid the personalities and protocol of sticky Washington last week was an open-faced, roundly smiling, improbable-looking man in a *gaung baung* (gauze turbanlike cap with side bow), *ingyi* (short-waisted, high-necked jacket) and *longyi* (skirt). Improbably, for a potentate from a faraway land, he came bearing thoughtful gifts: a pint of his blood for a U.S. hospital; a silver gong suspended between ivory elephant tusks for the President; a check for \$5,000 for distressed families of G.I.'s killed or incapacitated in the liberation of his country, Burma, during World War II.

"The Premier of Burma, U Nu, is visiting us," the President said at his press conference expressing "great gratification that he came over. The returning travelers and observers in that area have spoken of him in the most glowing terms as to ability and his leadership qualities." At midday in the White House, the President and his guest had lunch, and the President happily bonged his new gong.

"We Fight the Same Evils," U Nu, 48, has been Prime Minister of Burma (pop. 19 million) for all seven of its years as a free country. Beset by two Communist and several factional rebellions, by the legacy of war's chaos, by the inexperience of his young civil servants, U Nu has striven to lift his country toward new hope of survival (TIME, Aug. 30). Modest and meditative U Nu fought the Communists at home, plumped for Nehru's neutralism abroad, but concentrated on leading an extraordinary Buddhist revival which is now the focus of his country's anti-Communist potential.

U Nu is a pious man, no sophist, of simple origin and sympathies, no smug;

he is neutral by dint of his small country's powerlessness, but his political ideology is that of the West. "Burma and America are in the same boat—we fight the same evils," he once declared. And although he was awed and impressed by Red China during his recent visit to Peking, U Nu did not shrink from publicly proclaiming to Mao: "Americans are a very generous and brave people."

Addressing the Senate and the House of Representatives last week, U Nu devel-

an Assistant Secretary and Ezra Taft Benson beamingly presented U Nu with a picture of Ezra Taft Benson and his family, plus a 4-H Club tie clasp. Burma's Premier observed that he was for all four of the H's: "Head, Heart, Hands, Health."

Certain Noble Concepts. At the National Press Club, at luncheon, U Nu delivered a formal speech. He did not bother to make an excuse for his neutrality, quoting Washington's Farewell Address on the need to steer clear of en-



Associated Press

AGRICULTURE'S BENSON AND BURMA'S U NU
At the White House, a gong to bong.

oped his theme of friendly neutrality, recalling that Burma and the U.S. were both ex-colonies of Britain. "Both had to struggle to win our rights for self-government." He is trying to lead Burma, said U Nu, by following the U.S. example and working its salvation "by methods of democracy."

"Get the Elevators Ready," In Washington, U Nu made summer headlines in unexpected ways. Secretary Ezra Taft Benson invited him to the Department of Agriculture and Benson's aides kept U Nu waiting too long (five minutes) for U Nu. "Tell them we'll see them some other time," politely said U Nu, and walked out. Gasp! A State Department man, "If it had happened here, everyone in protocol would have been fired by now." Secretary Benson made an adroit recovery, speeding over to Blair House to apologize to U Nu, taking Mrs. Benson along. She was glad the incident happened, allowed Mrs. Benson diplomatically, "otherwise I would not have had the chance to meet the Prime Minister."

Next day there was no trouble at all when U Nu walked into the sprawling Agriculture building at 8:40 a.m., five minutes ahead of schedule. "Get the elevators ready—here they come," bellowed

tangling foreign alliances. But as for his country's Communists, U Nu cracked that "those who long for distant aunts over the heads of their mothers . . . are trying hard to keep out of the reach of the very people to whom they promised a heaven on earth." Ten days after Jawaharlal Nehru signed what amounted to a Communist policy statement in Moscow, U Nu signed a joint communique with the President of the U.S. to the effect that the U.S. and Burma share "a wide area of agreement and traditional friendship . . . resting firmly upon certain noble concepts . . . Our two peoples . . . share two fundamental goals, a peaceful world and a democratic way of life."

After that, U Nu set off in his *gaung baung*, *ingyi* and *longyi* to see the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Philadelphia's Independence Hall, and the Wild West. On July 12, he has a flattering date at California's Pasadena Community Playhouse; it will be there that U Nu will watch a performance of a Burmese play he once wrote called *The People Win Through*. This is the play that contains U Nu's perhaps most celebrated, least neutral thought on the Communist way of life, to wit: "Break wind and you're hauler off to the People's Court."

THE ADMINISTRATION End of a Mission

Still ruddy and erect at 80, Herbert Clark Hoover went up from Washington last week to apartment 31A in Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria Towers, and packed for a long fishing trip to the California redwood country. He had just finished a 21-month tour of duty as chairman of the second Hoover Commission to study the operations of the U.S. Government. A vice chairman was authorized but never elected—and never needed. Hoover personally recruited each task-force member, supervised the 525-man staff, ran every meeting of the commission and wrote all but two of the reports (Legal Services and Procedure, Real Property Management). In the report on Water Resources and Power, he boiled 1,783 pages down to 124; in some cases he produced half a dozen penciled drafts before the final version.

Candid Premise. The 1947 Hoover Commission was restricted to checking on the procedural efficiency of existing agencies. The new (1953) Hoover Commission got a much broader mission: to examine the substance of Government activity and arrive at conclusions not only as to how agencies were doing their work but also whether the work should be done at all. Such evaluations were made on a premise candidly expressed. Said Herbert Hoover: "Private enterprise is the root of our system, and the underlying thesis of the commission has been to preserve and strengthen the fundamentals of our system and our Government."

In all, the commission wrote 19 reports on 60 Government agencies that account for more than 95% of expenditures in the executive branch. Task forces made extensive investigations resulting in 362 recommendations. They were often concerned with details, e.g., eliminate free hospital and medical service for all merchant seamen, but the specifics were woven into a broad pattern. The \$3,500 saved each month by having a civilian concern clean the General Accounting Office Building in Washington was used to dramatize a recurring theme—private industry should be used to perform services for the Government whenever possible.

Keep Out. The 1955 Hoover reports recommended that many of the 104 Government units involved in banking and insurance should either 1) shut up shop or 2) operate on a self-supporting basis, and Postal Savings was cited as one activity the Government should give up entirely. The commission urged that Government loans be made at realistic rates and made its case by citation. Item: Rural Electrification Administration loans are made at 2% interest, and are covered by Treasury money borrowed at 3%. In its most controversial report, the commission strongly urged that the U.S. Government keep out of the power business wherever private concerns are willing to take over.

The commission was consistently against 1) competition between the Government and private agencies (parallel military and

civilian airline routes) and 2) competition within the Government (General Services Administration and Veterans Administration warehouses side by side at Wilmington, Calif.). The commission was for continued foreign aid despite "many mistakes and waste." It urged greatly increased funds for medical and scientific research.

Savings that the Hoover Commission task forces estimated that their recommendations would effect each year were spectacular. A few: budgeting and accounting, \$4 billion, depot utilization, \$253,000,000, paperwork management, \$288,300,000, use and disposal of federal surplus property (first four years), \$2 billion.

Hoover estimated that the Treasury could recover some \$15 billion through the sale of surplus property and other liquidations. If all commission proposals were adopted, he said, the U.S. could bal-



George Stoddard-Lane

CHAIRMAN HOOVER

To preserve the fundamentals.

ance the budget and lower taxes. The savings recommended by the reports totaled \$8.5 billion a year, but this figure was deceptively high because some of the proposed economies overlapped.

A Dozen Dissents. There was some disagreement by the commissioners. California's Democratic Congressman Chet Holifield dissented from twelve reports and vigorously argued that the commission did not have the right to deal with U.S. policy, which he felt was a prerogative of Congress. Even Attorney General Herbert Brownell Jr. and Defense Mobilizer Arthur Flemming dissented from four reports. On the Water Resources and Power report, they argued that it went further than the public-private partnership theme of the Eisenhower Administration in the field of power.

The reports of the 1947 Hoover Commission were widely applauded and nearly 75% of the recommendations have since

been adopted. The 1955 reports are far more basic and more controversial. Many of the recommendations have already been met with sharp criticism from New Deal Democrats and other advocates of big government and the welfare state. Quieter, but perhaps more important, is the resistance from entrenched bureaucracy, military and civilian, and from powerful business groups that want special Government services. Not all opponents are New Dealish; many pay obeisance to the doctrines of free enterprise. Much of Government expansion, including some Government competition with business, has resulted from business pleas for Government help.

Men who have responsibility for Government functions cannot be expected to recommend the elimination or shrinking of the functions; the great value of the Hoover report is to appraise these activities with an objectivity that bureaucrats, subsidized businessmen or pressured Congressmen cannot share.

ARMED FORCES Collaborator's Reward

Harold M. Dunn was a Depression baby, born in rural New York in 1930. When he was twelve his father died; when he was 13 he ran away from home for the first time. At 16 he quit school (he had just finished the ninth grade), worked his way to Louisiana, where he joined a road gang. A month after his 17th birthday, Dunn lied about his age, signed up for the peacetime Army. He was sent to Korea when war broke out, and during the winter of 1950 was wounded, left behind by retreating U.S. forces, and captured. In 33 months as a prisoner of war Dunn earned the nickname "Dirty," became a "progressive" and was rewarded with the soft job of librarian. Although a fellow prisoner said he "had trouble signing his name on the payroll," he signed whatever propaganda letters and statements the Communists asked him to, even made a propaganda broadcast to the "Moms and Dads" of the United States.

Although his record was well known, Dunn came home to a hero's welcome, ruled as King of the New York State Fair in September 1953. But last week he stood before an Army court-martial at Governors Island, N.Y. and pleaded guilty to giving aid and comfort to the enemy, and collaboration. He was the sixth returned P.W. to be tried by the Army, the first to admit his guilt. While his pregnant wife sobbed, Dunn heard his sentence—eight years at hard labor, dishonorable discharge, loss of all pay and allowances. Corporal Dunn turned pale, then gave the court a snappy salute.

INVESTIGATIONS The Eagle's Brood

Close to a million Americans at one time in their lives joined the Communist Party, but very few talk about it now. Last week one did. He told the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee a shoddy

tale of party membership in the U.S. and of spy service abroad on behalf of the Kremlin. As sometimes happens, he triggered a chain reaction of disclosures about other people. Almost all had been or were still connected with the business of reporting the news, like the witness himself: Winston Burdett, 41, now a \$20,000-a-year Columbia Broadcasting System radio and TV commentator.

Long Way from Brooklyn. Burdett, son of a prosperous civil engineer, graduated from Harvard *magna cum laude* at 19, worked five years on the Brooklyn *Eagle*, went abroad in 1940. For CBS he reported the war from Norway to North Africa, later covered Washington, Rome and the United Nations. Last week, after reporting the U.N. anniversary session at San Francisco for CBS, he went to Washington for a hearing in the Senate caucus room.

For nearly three hours Burdett—poised, precise, prissy—detailed his secret career as a Communist and a spy. He first worked with a Communist clique in the American Newspaper Guild, joined the party in 1937. "My whole life was in the party," he said. "I was an emotionally fanatic person." In January 1940 the party tapped him for espionage.

Through an elaborate clandestine ritual, a meeting was arranged in a Union Square cafeteria with a stranger who told Burdett: "We have a mission for you in Finland," which was then fighting the Russian invasion. The stranger: the late Soviet spy chief, Jacob Golos. Reporter Burdett, financed by the party, arranged to travel as an unpaid roving correspondent, accredited by the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

In Stockholm a "Mr. Miller" gave him \$200 and orders to report on Finnish morale. Burdett was visiting Finnish army positions when Finland capitulated three weeks later. When he went back to Stockholm, he met his contact, Miller. "Well," Miller asked, "how did the Finns take the end of the war?" Burdett said that they "were prepared to go on fighting." "Well, Mr. Burdett," said Miller, handing him \$400, "thank you very much. That's everything. Here is your money to go back to the U.S."

Footless Frenzy. On the stand last week, Burdett still sounded puzzled: "I was surprised it was all over." Actually, his spy career continued for two more years of footless frenzy and melodramatic bungling. As Burdett told it, he chased around wartime Europe waiting for orders that seldom came and contacts that he often missed.

In Moscow he was told to report to the Soviet consulate in Bucharest; he reported twice, waited for weeks but got no orders. In Belgrade he met one contact (who wore one glove and carried one as proof of identity), then lost track. "It just went up in the air," he testified. In Ankara he reported to "Madame," a Soviet embassy official whom he met at a ball. "I got to know her very well," he testified, but he could not remember her name. When he finally broke off with Madame and the party in March 1942, Burdett re-



WITNESS BURDETT
He told the secret.

United Press

lated, "she acted like a child who has just been deprived of something she enjoyed."

Burdett blamed the Russians for instigating the murder shortly afterward of his first wife, Lea Schiavi, an anti-Fascist Italian journalist, while visiting the Soviet-occupied Iranian province of Azerbaijan. Kurdish gunmen stopped her car, singled her out and shot her. "She knew too much," said Burdett.

The Harder Decision. Burdett, who had wanted to be a foreign correspondent, was hired full-time by CBS in 1941 while still a Commie, but said nothing about his Communist or spy career until CBS sent all staff members a loyalty questionnaire in 1951. He filled in the truth, with an



WITNESS GRUTZNIER
He just forgot.

International

explanatory letter. CBS accepted his explanation, and Burdett told his story to the FBI. "It was not," he said, "a hard decision to make." This year he came to a harder decision: to quit CBS and tell his story publicly. He had, it seemed, lived too long with the secret.

New York Municipal Judge Robert Morris, onetime chief counsel to the Senate subcommittee, advised him to testify, and helped to make the arrangements. CBS wanted Burdett to resign first, but Morris persuaded the network officials that recanting Communists should be encouraged rather than penalized for making public confessions. Last week both CBS and the subcommittee extravagantly praised Burdett's "strong sense of duty."

Burdett named some two dozen persons whom he knew or strongly suspected to have been Communists. He disclosed the existence of a prewar Communist cell in the editorial offices of the Brooklyn *Eagle*. He confirmed the Communist Party membership of the men who controlled the American Newspaper Guild until 1941 and the New York Guild, the largest local, until 1947.

Milton Kaufman, once the executive vice president of the American Newspaper Guild, now an outdoor salesman, invoked the Fifth Amendment's protection. Monroe Stern, onetime Hearst writer and president of the New York Guild local, who became pressagent for the Yugoslav embassy, told the committee he never was a party member. Jack Ryan, a commissar of the New York Guild local until 1947, said he was now a self-employed "horticultural researcher"; he, like others, invoked the Fifth Amendment.

Nat Einhorn, once an *Eagle* reporter and active Guild official, was named by Burdett as the man who first tapped him for Soviet espionage. Einhorn, now a public-relations man for the Communist Polish embassy, blandly replied on the stand that he had merely suggested sending Burdett to Finland as an "objective" reporter for the Communist *New Masses* or *Daily Worker*. He refused, under the Fifth Amendment, to answer questions about past party membership.

The Senate subcommittee got very little response from most of the twelve subpoenaed witnesses, all named by Burdett. One man called, however, was Charles Grutznier, 51, since 1941 a reporter for the New York *Times*. By chance, Grutznier was presented on a CBS *Omnibus* TV program as a typical *Times* reporter. Burdett named him as a member of the prewar Brooklyn *Eagle* Communist unit. *Times* executives, tipped off to Grutznier's Communist background, questioned Grutznier in May. He quickly admitted party membership from 1937 to 1940. He had been recruited by Nat Einhorn, he testified, over a cup of coffee. "I considered it a closed chapter," said Grutznier, explaining his previous silence. "I just forgot about it."

Then the subcommittee counsel, Julien Sourwine, brought up Grutznier dispatches from the Korean front. One story served

Communist purposes, Sourwine said; another dispatch disclosed the first F-86 Sabre jet victory in Korea. The *Times* answered that the Sabre jet dispatch had been cleared by the Pentagon.

The Burdett testimony and the run of witnesses touched off by it added no sensational fact to the nation's knowledge of the Communist conspiracy. But it did help to fill in the background where such figures as Whittaker Chambers and Elizabeth Bentley had stood in semi-isolation. As a result of Burdett's disclosures, it was a little easier to understand the extent of Communist influence on prewar American life.

ORGANIZATIONS

Kingmakers & Fun Lovers

The internal politics of the American Legion has a curiously clinical quality: contenders for Legion power can perfect the technique of political bloodletting without having to clutter up their minds with abstruse theory, principle or policy. A Midwestern governor, one of many U.S. public officials who received Legion political training, recently recalled with a shudder: "Legion politics! That's the worst kind. They not only cut your throat the way politicians do, but they stand around and watch you gurgle."

Last week the governor's words were borne out. From the Legion's bottom-pinning, water-throwing "fun" organization, *La Société des Quarante Hommes et Huit Cheveux*, came some of the most agonized sounds in many a year: the Forty and Eight threatened to walk out on the parent organization.

As usual, most of the surface fuss was over a question that could hardly be less

important: should the Forty and Eight be permitted to continue holding its convention parades separately from the rest of the Legion? But beneath this triviality there lay a no-holds-barred political struggle within the Legion. It revolved around two men: Indianapolis' Charles Ardery, full-time secretary (since 1924) of the Forty and Eight, and Chicago utility engineer James P. Ringley, a leader of the Legion's currently dominant faction, called the "Kingmakers."

For years, Ardery was one of the leaders of a Forty and Eight clique that had pretty much its own way in dictating the choice of Legion national commander. Then along came Kingmaker Ringley—and things have never been the same for Ardery.

"Sharpen Your Knife." Jim Ringley, 59, is a dedicated Legion politician. During World War I, Ringley tried 17 times to get into the service, was turned down 17 times for faulty vision. On his 18th attempt, he made the grade, spent the rest of the war at Fort Oglethorpe and Fort Meade, and was discharged as a private. Returning to his native Chicago, he joined the Legion and plunged into its politics. In moments of Legion political crisis, Ringley's favorite maxim is: "When you're hurt, you smile and sharpen your knife."

Although his big Legion job—officially—as that of chairman of the National Convention Committee (1934-39), Ringley has steadily increased his behind-the-scenes power. A persuasive lobbyist, he rates a large share of the credit for getting the G.I. Bill of Rights through Congress in 1944. With that success under his cap, he moved openly against the Ardery faction. His candidate for national



LEGION'S RINGLEY
He watched them gurgle.

commander, Illinois' ex-Governor John Stelle, lost to an Arderyman in 1944, but won the next year. Since then, the candidate publicly backed by Ringley has been elected every year but one.

The single exception gives an interesting example of Legion—and Ringley—politics in action. In 1953, Illinois State Commander Lawrence Fenlon announced that he wanted to run for national commander. Ringley publicly endorsed Fenlon's candidacy. But he quietly passed the word that he really favored Connecticut's Arthur Connell. Reason: Fenlon was so popular in his own state that he was becoming a threat to Ringley's control of the Illinois Legion. Connell won easily, Fenlon dropped out of sight, and Ringley remained the master of the Legion situation.

Against Ringley's shrewd politicking, the Forty and Eight's Charles Ardery, still trying for a comeback, could offer little more than nuisance opposition. But even a nuisance was not to be tolerated. Last year the Kingmakers maneuvered Ardery's Forty and Eight men out of their Mayflower Hotel accommodations at the national convention in Washington. Then the Ringley group dug up a Washington regulation against more than one parade a week in the city's streets. The effect of this was to force the Forty and Eight to abandon its longtime custom of marching separately. Preparing for this year's Miami convention, Ringley decreed that the Forty and Eight would again parade along with the rest of the Legion.

"With Heavy Hearts." This was more than the fun-loving Forty and Eighters, who delight in romping around the streets in diapers, could stand. The funmakers' executive committee met in solemn session, announced its painful decision last week in its official magazine.

"It is common knowledge," said the Forty and Eight executive committee,



FORTY AND EIGHTERS ON PARADE (DETROIT, 1949)
— They could bare no more.

Associated Press

"that the national organization of the American Legion is, and for more than the past seven years has been, under the domination and control of a small group of men . . . With intent only to annoy, harass and humiliate us, they denied our humble petition for leave to have our usual separate parade . . . We can bear no more. Therefore, with heavy hearts and unconcealed sorrow, appealing to the Supreme Judge of all men for the rectitude of our intentions, we renounce our association with the American Legion."

The withdrawal threat caused Kingmaker Ringley no pain. The Ardrey group's action still faces ratification by the rank and file of the Forty and Eight. Jim Ringley figures that the membership will repudiate its leaders. If he is right, that will be the end of Ardrey as any sort of a force in Legion politics.

UTAH

Tales of the Firing Squad

In Utah one day in 1912, a convicted murderer named J. J. Morris was told he must choose how to die: he could be executed by firing squad, the officers told him, or he could swing by the noose. "Which will cost the State of Utah more?" asked the murderer. "Hanging," came the sepulchral reply. "Hang me," cried J. J. Morris. "I want the best Utah's got."

In Utah one day last week, another brave-talking killer named Don Jesse Neal was led out from Utah State Prison at sunrise to take the second best that Utah could give. He was strapped into a wooden office chair that bore 17 notches to signify that 17 other men had been shot in it.* "Do I have to wear this thing? I have nothing to be ashamed of," said Don Jesse Neal as officers fitted a black hood over his head, a 2-in., heart-shaped black target to his white shirt. "I am innocent; I have no malice against anyone," were Don Jesse Neal's last words as five .30-.30 rifles (one loaded with a blank cartridge) poked through five holes in a burlap

* The most celebrated of Neal's predecessors was Joe Hillstrom, writer of ballads and doughty organizer of Utah copper unions for the I.W.O. before World War I. Joe Hillstrom was convicted of murdering a grocer in a holdup, but the comrades of his union insisted to the end that he was framed.

Twenty-two months later, Joe Hillstrom was taken out like Don Jesse Neal, and the firing squad's bullets were plugged into the target over his heart—and a ballad was born that has warmed the hearts of millions of union men:

*I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night
Alive as you and me.
Says I, "But Joe you're ten years dead,"
"I never died," says he.
"I never died," says he . . .*

*"The copper bosses killed you, Joe,
They shot you, Joe," says I.
"Takes more than guns to kill a man,"
Says Joe, "I didn't die."
Says Joe, "I didn't die."*

*And standing there as big as life
and smiling with his eyes,
Joe says, "What they forgot to kill
Went on to organize,
Went on to organize."*

screen 25 ft. away. "Ready!" said the officer in charge to his men as the sun edged red above the rugged Wasatch mountains; then, seconds later, softly, so that the man in the chair would not hear him. "Fire!"

Utah is the only state in the Union that still executes by firing squad—a hangover from the wild, woolly days when there was no place for executions like the nearest field. Utah is also the only state in the Union that gives its murderers a say in the way they die.

Since 1855, when two Indians were hanged for killing the two sons of a Mormon bishop, 38 men have been executed in the Territory and State of Utah, and all were given Utah's deathly choice. J. J.

LABOR

\$2.50 an Hour

Well organized, well led, 600,000 members of the United Steelworkers Union last week won a wage increase of "something in excess of" 15¢ an hour. Class 1 workers, e.g., sweepers, will henceforth get \$1.68½ an hour; Class 3 workers, e.g., hot strip mill rollers, will get \$3.54½ an hour. The new average will be about \$2.50 an hour. "This raise is money ahead," exulted a steelworkers' leader. "Our men won't keep it. They'll buy more TV sets and automobiles. It will be a terrific shot in the arm for the economy."

U.S. Steel Corp. led the steel producers



STEELWORKERS' McDONALD (ALOFT) AFTER STRIKE'S END
Keeping up with the Reuthers—almost.

Associated Press

Morris was the fifth and last murderer to choose death by the noose; all the rest have been shot.

Every now and then, the Utah state legislature gets around to discussing whether the firing squad is backward and barbaric; the new state prison, erected in 1950, laid aside space that could do equally well for high voltage or for gas. In its 1955 session, the legislature passed a bill to install an electric chair and use it, but somewhere along the line the lawmakers balked at providing the appropriation. So, Don Jesse Neal was given his choice—but he added his own unique contribution to Utah firing-squad lore by firmly declining to choose. "There'll be no execution," he said confidently, protesting his innocence—but there was.

in passing on their increased costs to their customers, decreeing a price increase of about \$7.50 a ton, or 5.8%—which will add about \$15 to the cost of producing the steelworker's new \$2,750 car, about 4¢ to his \$25 toaster.

Before the settlement, the U.S. lost about 800,000 ingot tons of steel because of the twelve-hour strike of the steelworkers. This week the men were back to work; their leader, silver-haired, mellifluous David J. McDonald, was almost satisfied that he was keeping up with the Reuthers (TIME, June 13 et seq.). Last year McDonald gave up quickly on his demand for a guaranteed annual wage. He could not raise that issue this year because the greatest part of his contract, except for wage clauses, runs until 1956.

FOREIGN NEWS

BIG FOUR

Ready for the Climb

In four world capitals, statesmen were strapping on their diplomatic rucksacks, picking their Sherpas and testing their nonslip boots for the hazardous climb to the Parley at the Summit.

Moscow's preparations were the most unusual. *Pravda* suddenly broke out with a full and reasonably objective account of President Eisenhower's last-week press conference, and in an editorial conceded that Ike was a peace-loving fellow, and "receives with satisfaction" his announcement that he would like the "Cold War" to be changed to a "battle for peace." Included in *Pravda's* summary were the President's remarks that there can be no real peace in the world until the satellite nations are freed,* stranger still, Ike's comment, when he was asked about Bulganin, that it is a "puzzle . . . who is, or what is the dominating influence" in the Soviet government. Such thoughts have hitherto been considered too dangerous for *Pravda's* readers. One explanation: the Russian people also need reminding that Bulganin, for all the attention he will have at Geneva, is not the boss, and only speaks for The Committee.

The Western preparations for Geneva are being coordinated this week among high-level experts of Britain, France and the U.S. meeting in Paris. The Western Three have already decided to split up the topics of discussion, one apiece. Each

* Though when Dulles suggested discussing the subject at Geneva, the Russians called it a "monstrous proposal."



NEHRU & TITO'S WIFE
An envious equilibrium.

nation got a subject with which it is specially familiar, and in which it is specially interested.

Disarmament will be Eisenhower's topic, since it is the U.S. that carries the heaviest arms burden (particularly in nuclear development). The State Department is convinced that Russia, essentially a poor nation, cannot keep up with the ever-increasing ante in the nuclear weapons game. Says State: if U.S. spending for defense were at the same rate as Russia's, considering the huge gap between the Soviet and U.S. economies, it would amount to \$150 billion per year—almost four times the current U.S. rate. The U.S. wants first to probe the genuineness of the Russian desire to disarm, and secondly to be ready to argue the complex technical details if the desire proves real.

European security will be discussed by France's Premier Edgar Faure; it is a subject which invokes France's old familiar fear of German might. France wants East and West to mutually guarantee the territory (and peacefulness) of a united Germany: Molotov has talked in general terms along the same lines. The U.S. is agreeable (though not very hopeful), provided that a united Germany is free to join NATO.

German unity will fall to Sir Anthony Eden. He is eager to press the plan he presented (and Russia rejected) at last year's Berlin conference. The Eden plan: 1) free elections in both East and West Germany, 2) establishment of an all-German government on the basis of the election returns, 3) a guarantee, by all four powers, that a reunited Germany will be free to decide its own foreign policy and to make its own alliances. Eden expects the election to be internationally supervised, but no longer demands it, figuring that the West Germans themselves will insist on its being free.

In the West the trick is to divide the homework but to unite on the results. So far, the three Western governments are showing themselves remarkably agreed on what they want, what they hope for, and where they stand.

YUGOSLAVIA

On the High Wire

Suitably clad in resplendent attire, the world's two great high-wire artists met last week in Belgrade. Clad in gleaming white jodhpurs and close-fitting *achkan* (three-quarter length jacket) of cinnamon homespun, India's arch-equilibrist Jawaharlal Nehru had come to return a visit paid him last winter by Yugoslavia's Josip Broz Tito, a man even more skilled at walking the tightrope of neutralism. There was no real business to be transacted between them, but at least the two could compare notes and talk about their favorite topic—advantageous coexistence.

Uniformed in sky blue and surrounded by a jack-booted, blue-coated honor guard,

the Yugoslav dictator himself was at the airport to meet his guest. Roses, babies'-breath, gladioli and big white daisies were strewn in profusion as the two, accompanied by their retinues, drove in a Rolls-Royce to the palace where Nehru was to be billeted during his week's stay. All along the road, cheering Yugoslavs waved their own and India's flags.

After a private dinner that night with President and Mme. Tito, Nehru next morning accepted an honorary citizenship of Belgrade and warmly praised the independent stand taken by Yugoslavia, despite "pressure or fear of the consequences." Tito responded by saying that the theory of coexistence is spreading, "and in this regard I think I shall not go wrong if I say that a special tribute is due to our countries . . ."

Nehru had good reason to praise and even to envy his neutralist counterpart in Europe, for if he himself had walked the tightrope of peaceful coexistence without accident thus far, Tito was doing it with a careless bravura that far outstripped him. Even observers from the warring camps below had been forced to gasp once or twice during the last few weeks as the Yugoslav seemed dangerously near to falling from his wire on one side or the other. But the very day that Khrushchev and Bulganin arrived in Belgrade, a U.S. Senate committee approved a \$40.5 million grant to Tito. That was breathless balancing indeed. Last week he performed even more daringly.

Only a day or two before Nehru's arrival, the Yugoslav government concluded a three-day conference with ambassadors of the West, designed to re-



TITO & NEHRU'S DAUGHTER
A breathless balance.

ISRAEL

On Trial

To the proud, nationalistic Jews of Israel, it is not pleasant to have to recall a time, only too recent, when survival itself depended on the capricious favor of hated oppressors. Yet many a transplanted European in Israel remembers well the days of Nazi power when his life and welfare hinged on the diplomatic skill of a *stadlan* (fixer), some fellow Jew either tactful, suave, or thick-skinned enough to curry favor with the enemy and thus win a measure of reprieve for his people. That memory, stirred by a court trial, agitated all Israel last week and brought down the Cabinet.

Young Rudolf Kastner had been a fixer in a small Hungarian town. When Admiral Horthy capitulated to Hitler in 1944, Kastner was head of Budapest's Jewish Rescue Committee. Soon after the Nazis took over, Kastner and some of his colleagues were called before Karl Eichmann, a top Nazi official, to listen to a proposition. "I want to do business," Eichmann told them. "Blood for goods, goods for blood. I am willing to sell one million Jews for ten thousand trucks, a thousand cans of coffee and tea and some soap. Go to Switzerland, Turkey, Spain—go where you will, but bring me back goods."

As Kastner and his friends pondered this dreadful bargain, the hostages in the case—Hungary's million-odd Jews—were rounded up at the rate of 12,000 a day and herded off to "labor camps" to wait their fate. The bargain was never consummated. Kastner's contacts overseas (one of them, Moshe Sharett, is now Israel's Prime Minister) told him to make a non-committal answer and keep bargaining. Day after day as the bargainers waited through the spring and summer of 1944, packjammed trainloads of Jews chugged through the pleasant green Hungarian countryside to the camp at Auschwitz, where, instead of being set to forced labor, the prisoners were herded naked into gas chambers, killed and cremated.

A Day or Two. Among the more than 500,000 Hungarian Jews who died that year in Auschwitz' deadly shower rooms were 52 members of the family of Malchiel Greenwald. Malchiel himself managed to escape, found his way to Palestine, and cast his lot and his hopes for the future with the Irgun Zvai Leumi, the party that fought with the fiercest zeal against the British for Israel nationalism. But uppermost in Malchiel's mind was the fate that had befallen his relatives in Hungary. A bent, grief-stricken man in his 70s, he set himself the task of finding out who had betrayed them. Last year, after poring through mountains of yellowed records, he pointed the finger of blame at Rudolf (now Israel) Kastner, by then a citizen of Israel himself, a promising politico in the Mafai Party and an assistant to Cabinet Minister Dov Joseph.

Kastner ignored Greenwald's accusation, but the Mafai Party chiefs, eager to scotch any gossip, confidently haled Greenwald into court on a charge of crim-



RUDOLF KASTNER
Darker than hell.

inal libel. When Greenwald's trial began more than a year ago, few Israelis expected that it would last more than a day or two, or that it would result in anything more than a nominal fine. Kastner, who had already resigned from government service to become a newspaper editor, readily admitted his dealings with the Nazi, Karl Eichmann, but, he added: "I was simply doing all I could to save my people." At the end of five days, the evidence was so much in Kastner's favor that the court asked Greenwald if he would like to change his plea to "guilty." The answer was a stubborn no.

How to Know? From then on, Greenwald's lawyer, Schmuel Tamir, an ardent ex-Irgunist who has never forgiven the Jewish Agency's wartime partnership with the British, pressed his client's case remorselessly over ten long months of testimony, drawing from witness after witness a tale of terror, tragedy and betrayal. At the end of twelve days under cross-examination, Kastner himself broke down in sobs.

As the trial wore on, Kastner not Greenwald became the defendant. Like a heavy stone cast into still waters, the trial's revelations ruffled the surface of Jewish unity with ever-widening circles of doubt. Last week, in the wake of these revelations of a time before the nation was even born, the government of Moshe Sharett resigned, only to be reorganized in a new atmosphere of bitterness and distrust; and the evidence itself was hashed over again and again, wherever the Jews of Israel gathered together. "How would I have behaved if I had stayed in Hungary until the Nazis came?" asked one young schoolteacher. "Would I have been stronger than Kastner?" "How are we to know?" said another. "How are we to judge?"

A Terrible Obligation. One of the questions posed by Lawyer Tamir during the trial was whether Kastner himself



MALCHIEL GREENWALD
Blocker than night.

assure them that he had not been taken into the Russian camp. A communiqué was issued, announcing "a wide measure of agreement between the four Governments" (U.S., Britain, France and Yugoslavia). Within an hour after the ambassadors and Tito had basked together at a final lunch, the Yugoslav government announced an item that Tito had neglected to impart to his luncheon companions: he had just accepted Khrushchev's invitation to visit Moscow.

PORTUGAL

20% Loss

Maria de Jesus Victoriano, a peasant woman of Carvalhinho, was on her way to the top of 2,800-ft. Mount Carvalho one day last week to gather hay. "I was looking at the sky and hoping the sun would drive the fog away," she said later. "Then I heard a great hissing and roaring overhead. I thought the mountain below me had exploded." For the next few seconds, shock after shock rent the earth all around her, sending ribbons and streams of flame and debris in all directions. "It was terrible," she said, "but the silence that followed was more terrible still. The birds sang no more and all around me they lay dead."

Unhurt herself, Maria had just witnessed Portugal's grimmest air disaster. Shortly before she heard them roaring above her head, twelve U.S.-built Thunderjets of the Portuguese air force left the Ota air base to take part in an air force show to the north at Coimbra. None of them could see the fog-shrouded mountain on which Maria stood beneath them. As they hurtled forward in tight formation, the four top planes cleared the peaks without harm. The eight planes below them plowed head-on into the mountain, killing all eight pilots and reducing Portugal's jet strength in one blow by 20%.

knew at the time the real fate that awaited the Jews bound for Auschwitz. Had they been aware that death was to be their certain lot in the early days of the terror, the defense held, the Jews of Hungary might have revolted instead of submitting meekly to the "labor camp" myth. Hungary's ghettos were poorly guarded, and any attempt to make a break for the Rumanian border might well have succeeded. Kastner had told his people nothing; and when two parachutists were dropped into Hungary by the British to help organize a revolt among the Jews, Kastner persuaded them to surrender to the Nazis. For all this time Kastner had dangled before him a Nazi promise to deport one trainload of 600 Hungarian Jews (including 10 members of his own family and 300 from his home town of Cluj) to the safety of Switzerland. But what was the price of the salvation of those 600? "It was done," shouted one witness, "solely in order to put Kastner under a terrible obligation, tying him inescapably to the Nazis and forcing him to collaborate in the greater plan of total extermination." "Don't forget," pleaded Kastner, "I saved lives that otherwise would have been snuffed out."

"The fact that Kastner was an intimate of the Nazis makes him worthy of the profoundest pity," said the government's lawyer, "since it shows to what limits he was prepared to go to prostrate himself for his people. Kastner could not have called himself a man if he had not favored his friends and relatives on the rescue train. Everyone acts to save his loved ones first. He who denies this is a hypocrite." Defense Attorney Tamir saw it differently. "You began as an ambitious leader," he shouted at Kastner, "and ended up as a Nazi agent."

The Few & the Many. By the time the trial was done, all the old rifts in Zionist Jewry, the rifts between Left and Right, moderation and extremism, Irregular nationalism and Mapai Socialism, were rent wide open again. Fortnight ago, the trial judge found Greenwald guilty on one count—that of falsely accusing Kastner of sharing Nazi profits—and fined him one Israeli pound (52¢).

But the court found Kastner even more guilty. "When he accepted the Nazi offer to save 600 Jewish souls," said the judge, "Kastner sold his soul to the devil. Masses were sacrificed for the sake of a few. He broke his trust with Jewry. That was collaboration in the fullest sense of the word." Among the wider jury of Israel's people, the balance between the few and the many was not so easily struck. The violence of the judge's remarks redounded in a certain sympathy for Kastner. Last week, going back and forth to work in a closed car, he had become a recluse, living with his wife and child in what he calls a loneliness "blacker than night, darker than hell."

"Malchiel Greenwald," said one Israeli, "may have satisfied his own doubt, but he has raised bitter doubts in the heart of every other survivor of the gas chambers."

WEST GERMANY

Not So Fast

Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, no militarist, heard himself accused in Bonn last week of soliciting "a blank check for a pact between militarism and bureaucracy." The words were those of Opposition Leader Erich Ollenhauer, but they reflected the mood of the entire Bundestag.

Tousle-haired Socialist Ollenhauer was bristling over Adenauer's curt, 250-word "volunteers bill," a stopgap measure by which *der Alte* hoped to have the beginnings of a German army in time for the Big Four conference. Months of legislative deliberation would be needed to create a legal structure for Adenauer's ultimate goal of a twelve-division army and 1,300-plane air force. Meanwhile, promised the



Associated Press
CHANCELLOR ADENAUER
Away from the slaughterhouse.

Chancellor, the government would operate under the "volunteers bill" for less than a year, would enlist no more than 6,000 volunteers as "temporary civil servants" and would keep civilian control of the military.

Adenauer's Defense Minister Theodor Blank tried to reassure the Bundestag by saying that he shared all its fears: "The army must not be a state within a state. Parliamentary control must be made stronger than was formerly the case in Germany." Not one of these limitations, objected the opposition, was spelled out in the bill. And while the Bundestag might trust Adenauer, it did not trust the

old army elite, and did not want an army born before the limitations on its officers' responsibilities were well understood in advance.

Perceiving that Adenauer was getting only the faintest support from his own side, Ollenhauer got bolder and bolder. Even to make a start on rearmament would hinder the possibility of a settlement at Geneva, said Ollenhauer. *Der Alte* was visibly angry when he followed Ollenhauer to the speaker's stand. "I had hoped," said he, "to discuss this problem with the Social Democratic faction in a democratic fashion. I have been disappointed."

From the Socialists came yelps of "slander, insolence—*pfui, pfui!*" but Adenauer persisted: "Herr Ollenhauer apparently ignores the fact that there exists an East German army and that the East German youth is being prepared for civil war"; to follow Ollenhauer's policy of neutrality would be to lead "Germans to the slaughterhouse like so many sheep."

After a ten-hour debate, the bill was referred to three committees for revision. There the Bundestag's reservations will be written in, including a provision for screening all officer candidates above the rank of major. With these changes, Adenauer still has a chance of getting his bill through just in time for Geneva.

Spy Service

In the dangerous underground game of Cold War espionage, the Communists have a built-in advantage: an estimated 10 million party members in over 60 different countries, all of them potential agents. The West has many more potential friends—the oppressed inside the Communist empire—but since most of them are inaccessible or terrorized by the police, Western strategists rely most heavily on professional intelligence outfits—the U.S.'s CIA, Britain's Military Intelligence, France's Deuxième Bureau, etc. Last week West Germany covertly confirmed what had long been widely suspected: Bonn, too, has its own apparatus of anti-Communist spies. *Büro Gehlen*, as the Germans call it, is now to become an official arm of the West German government.

Anonymous Prussian. Mere mention of the name Gehlen is enough to make U.S. intelligence chiefs in Germany clam up and try to look blank. For years both Washington and Bonn refused to confirm that the organization existed. But since the Communists themselves took to blaming "Gehlen agents" for acts of sabotage throughout Eastern Europe, enough facts have leaked out to suggest that *Büro Gehlen* not only exists, but that it may be one of the best intelligence networks in the business.

Something like 4,000 Gehlen agents, some of whom served as German spies in World War II, are at work in Europe and Russia. Some range as far afield as Cairo, Istanbul and Madrid. Their chief, former Brigadier General Reinhard Gehlen, 52, is a slight, tight-tipped Prussian with a passion for anonymity. A Wehrmacht reg-

* At bench from left: Economic Minister Erhard, Defense Minister Blank, Finance Minister Schäffer, Justice Minister Neumayer.

ular, Gehlen rose in World War II to become head of the "Enemy Army-East," the super-secret intelligence staff that evaluated the reports of a vast network of German agents ranging the Eastern front from Leningrad to the Caucasus. Because his realistic appraisals of Soviet strength clashed with Hitler's wish-thinking, Gehlen often drew the Führer's fire. Once, the story goes, Hitler read a Gehlen paper and exploded angrily: "What fool dug out this nonsense?" But events proved Gehlen's gloomy reports right.

No Picture. When the Red army smashed into the Reich, Gehlen fled west, taking his files with him. He made three copies of each of his records and deposited them at three different addresses. Later, when the Cold War came, U.S. intelligence officers found the Gehlen files invaluable. Gehlen was flown to Washington and returned to Germany with the secret understanding that he would rebuild his intelligence apparatus and set it to work for both the U.S. and Western Germany. Reportedly, his terms included that he never would have to operate against the "German interest," and he himself would be the judge of that interest.

Washington does not admit that the U.S. has financed Gehlen's activities (the preferred phrase is that he enjoys a "favorable relationship" with U.S. intelligence agencies), *Büro Gehlen's* headquarters, a clump of houses surrounded by barbed wire, is south of Munich and not far from Dachau. Outside the main offices the Stars & Stripes fly alongside the flag of West Germany. Gehlen himself stays out of sight. He is married and has four children; he loves fast cars and still has a student's fascination for tricky paraphernalia, obsolete codes and invisible inks. The only available photograph of Gehlen was taken when he was a colonel, twelve years ago.



MASTER SPY GEHLEN
Deep in the shadows.

Associated Press



Sandro Vespasiani

CHRISTIAN DEMOCRAT SEGNI & SOCIALIST NENNI
Toward an unpleasant old age.

Agents & Double Agents. Gehlen's agents, like their master, shun publicity. For security reasons, few of them know more than two or three other members of the organization. Their successes go unheralded (except by the squawks of pain from the Communists), but for their failures they may pay with their lives. In East Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia, the Communists claim to have captured scores of so-called "American-paid Gehlen agents."

In the shadowy, secretive world of Reinhard Gehlen, it is often hard to distinguish legend from fact. Some Gehlen agents are ex-Communists as well as ex-Nazis; others have been double agents. But there is little doubt that the newly sovereign West German Federal Republic will inherit one of the most efficient intelligence organizations in the world.

ITALY

Pessimistic Persuader

"Alas," said Antonio Segni last week, "an unpleasant old age is in store for me." He meant that it was about to be crowned by the kind of success that entails work and grinding worry.

The 64-year-old Sardinian, a lean, fragile lawyer with a beaked nose and unruly white hair, had just been summoned by Italian President Gronchi to try to form a new government to replace the fallen Mario Scelba (TIME, July 4). Earnest Christian Democrat Segni, as Minister of Agriculture in several De Gasperi governments, drew up Italy's postwar land-reform program, but was less of a success at administering it. He accepted Gronchi's commission early last week and from his paper-strewn apartment on the Via Sallustiana set about canvassing the three small center parties in hopes of recreating the coalition which has prevailed in the Italian Parliament for two years with a majority of less than 10 votes.

* De Gasperi once complained: "Segni is never well enough to do his job as minister but never sick enough to resign."

Segni's first problem was to persuade the bickering factions inside his own Christian Democrat Party to lay aside the differences that had brought down Scelba. After making some moves in this direction, he went to work on the Social Democrats (19 seats), the Republicans (5 seats), the Liberals (14 seats). For four days he scurried around a sweltering Rome, bargaining and counterbargaining. As courtesy required, he also paid a call on Stalin Prize-winner Pietro Nenni, who is panting to bring his fellow-traveling Socialists into a popular front. Segni rejected Nenni's offer; there are Christian Democrats who want to play footie with Nenni, but Segni is not one of them.

At the end of four days' trying, Segni still did not have the support of the Liberals, a free-enterprising party which deplores Segni's land-reform program. He asked for and got an extension of 48 hours, at the end of which the Liberals decided it was better to support him "with reservations" than risk some other Premier who might prefer to bid for Nenni's 75 votes.

Next would come Cabinetmaking, and the question was whether in naming one man or rebuffing another, Segni could hold his pledges together long enough to form a government. "By temperament I am a pessimist," said frail old Premier Designate Segni. "In this way I avoid disappointment when things go wrong."

PAKISTAN

New Link

In the six years since the signing of the North Atlantic Pact, the world's free nations have forged a chain of defense alliances which extended eastward from the Bering Sea, across North America and Europe to Turkey, then resumed again in Southeast Asia. But in the Middle East, the chain fell short of ringing the globe.

Last week Pakistan, already a member of SEATO, provided a missing link. Premier Mohammed Ali announced that his country had agreed to join a defense alliance with Britain, Turkey and Iraq.

THE COMMONWEALTH

Restless Subjects

Britain's Mediterranean island colonies of Malta and Cyprus are both giving Mother Britain trouble, but in very different ways. Cypriots (or at least a highly vocal percentage of them) want out of the Commonwealth; the Maltese, on the other hand, want to cuddle even closer to the mother country. In some respects, the Maltese desire is more embarrassing.

A delegation of Maltese, headed by 38-year-old Prime Minister Dom Mintoff, was in London last week buttonholing top officials in both British parties. Their goal was to secure seats in the British House of Commons, just like Northern Ireland, which has a government of its own along with representation in the Brit-

base. We are a mature people who want our full constitutional rights, and you cannot treat us as though we were a collection of tribes that are only just coming to learn the ways of government. If we cannot get full integration, we shall quit the Commonwealth and govern ourselves."

Cyprus is different. The majority of its people (400,000) share the Greek language and religion, and feel a far closer kinship with the nearby Greeks than they do with their rulers in distant Great Britain. Bearded Archbishop Makarios has been leading an agitation for *enosis* (union) with Greece. The 100,000 Turks on the isle prefer British to Greek rule. As for the British, who have made Cyprus their Middle East bastion since evacuating Suez, Churchill's government last year announced that Britain would never leave Cyprus.

Last week Eden's government, giving an inch, announced that invitations had been sent out to both Greece and Turkey to come to London to discuss the problem. Only one point was lacking to make the projected conference a success: the Cypriots themselves were not invited.

SOUTH AFRICA

Protest & Danger

Prime Minister Strydom, who is bound and determined that the whites shall wield all the power in a nation where they are outnumbered four to one, wanted to get the last non-white voters—the 45,000 colored (mixed-race) folk—off the white voting lists. The High Court said he could not, without a two-thirds vote in Parliament. So the Nationalists decided to pack the Senate to get the bill through, and to pack the court to make sure that it was held constitutional. At that point, many who agreed with Strydom's policy of white dominance disagreed with what he was doing to South Africa's legal and political traditions. The official opposition, and the businessmen, and the English-language newspapers, and many of the Afrikaans-speaking professors of Stellenbosch University, spoke out even though they knew that their protests were in vain. Last week rose the wrath of two other groups—the white women and the natives.

The Women. In 36 South African cities a new militant outfit called the Women's Defense of the Constitution League set up tables on the sidewalks, where passers-by could sign petitions against the Senate bill. All told, 100,000 women signed the petition, and the militants climbed in their cars and drove to Pretoria, the administrative capital, from all over South Africa. Led by a lady drummer, the women marched on the government offices, many of them singing *Die Stem*, the official national anthem. They were met by the Minister of Transport, deputizing for Strydom, but all that he could tell them was: "There can be no compromise when the life [of the white man] is at stake."

The women stamped out, and in the

freezing weather formed a *laager* (camp) at the foot of a statue of General Louis Botha, valiant warrior against the British in the Boer War. All night long and all the next day and night they stayed there, huddled in blankets and occasionally chanting, "Save the Constitution." Hoodlums tried to move them by throwing firecrackers, but the husbands of some of the women stood by and chased them off. Meanwhile, the women addressed letters to the people of South Africa; among them was a German immigrant who wrote: "I do not want to live in a country where arrogance and the *Herren-volk* ideal can suppress honesty and freedom."

On the third day the women went home. "Their demonstration," said the Johannesburg *Star*, "is a warning that a country



PREMIER MINTOFF

No stalling.

European

ish Parliament. Mintoff also wanted his people (pop. 320,000) to be cut in on the Welfare State.

Such complete integration is an old dream of young Prime Minister Mintoff, son of a onetime British navy cook stationed at Malta's dockyard. A Rhodes Scholar and civil engineer, ambitious young Mintoff has been a leader in Malta's Labor Party since 1936, and Prime Minister since last March. "If I fail in this," he said last week, "I shall resign, and the others will have to govern Malta as best they can."

Faced with the startling notion of accepting a distant relative as an intimate member of the family proper, Britain has tried to allay Malta's demands with a vague plan for government through the Home Office instead of the Colonial Office, but Mintoff will not be fobbed off. "We are prepared to accept all the facts that you accept here in Britain—taxation and all the rest," he told officials last week, "but we can no longer be just a naval



PREMIER STRYDOM

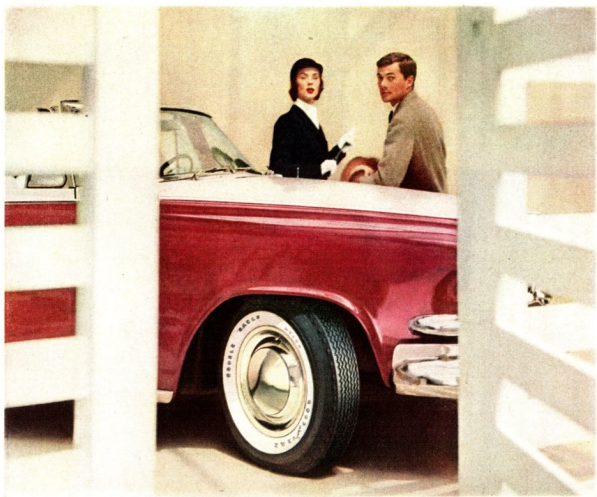
No compromise.

International

governed against its will may become ungovernable."

The Communists. The government was also confronted by a second demonstration, a "Congress of the People," which brought together 4,000 Negroes, Indians and colored at the native location of Kliptown, outside Johannesburg. There South Africa's Communists made a determined effort to pull the three big non-white groups in South Africa into a single anti-government front. For the first time, the African National Congress, the South African Indian Congress and the South African Colored People's Organization (all Communist infiltrated) sent delegates to sit on the same platform. More important, they sat alongside the Congress of Democrats, a clump of European fellow travelers whose object is to convert the non-white majority of South Africans to Communism.

Communist props were everywhere. There was a Communist "pavilion of peace" and a little African girl at the



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entrance, selling a booklet entitled "South Africans in the Soviet Union." Communist China's Premier Chou En-lai cabled a message of support. To most of the 4,000 Africans who listened to the vivid harangues, much of the Marxist language probably made little sense when translated into Zulu or Sotho. But to the small group of Negro intellectuals, a "Freedom Charter," introduced at the meeting, did have an appeal. With the literates among them leading, Africans, Indians and colored folk alike cheered charter phrases such as "ownership of the people" with the cry: "Mayibuye, Afrika" (Africa, come back). The only thing they seemed sure of was that the charter was anti-government.

Readmade Opportunity. In its countermeasures, the Nationalist government was at its most inept. On their way to the congress at Kliptown, many of the "delegates" were hauled out of their trucks and cars by cops on the pretext that they did not have proper papers. Police photographers shot pictures of every white man attending the congress, including newsmen ("Just for the record," they explained), and at one point, armed police forced the male delegates to empty their pockets and the women to turn out their handbags, on the suspicion that some of them were carrying "inflammatory material."

"Angered and frustrated by the police, many of the Africans seemed willing to acknowledge the leadership of the Congress of Democrat Reds," cabled TIME Correspondent Edward Hughes. "This is the tragedy of non-white politics in South Africa: Nationalist officialdom crushes all African leadership, extreme and moderate alike. The ordinary black man is left so frustrated that he is willing to listen to anyone who curses the government loudly enough. It is a readmade opportunity for the Communists."

INDONESIA

Revolt of the Colonels

Indonesia's handsome President Soekarno professes to have no fear of Communists. This feeling stems from the premature 1948 Communist rebellion, which Soekarno's troops handily broke. Two years ago, thinking it a harmless sop to the political left, Soekarno picked an acknowledged Marxist named Iwa Kusumasumantri as his Defense Minister.

Kusumasumantri taught history in Moscow during the 1920s, and his family still lives there. Once exiled from Indonesia by the Dutch for Communist agitation, he was implicated in 1946 in a Red-led plot against Soekarno's young independent government. As Defense Minister, he has been busily spotting his own men in key army posts, against strong opposition from Indonesia's top army commanders, whose control in the provinces has been all that saved the country from anarchy at times. Fortnight ago, Kusumasumantri reached far down the army's hierarchy for his new Chief of Staff, Colonel Bambang Utuyo, 35, a Japanese-trained officer who



Camera Press—Pi

MINISTER KUSUMASUMANTRI

The firemen played.

lost his right hand several years ago in a grenade accident.

The army brass, unconsulted about the appointment, refused to have anything to do with it. Utuyo might not be a leftist, these colonels said, but he would certainly be putty in the Defense Minister's burly hands. They announced that they would not attend Utuyo's swearing-in ceremony.

"All we need is the man taking the oath, another to administer it, and a witness," answered Soekarno, and ordered the ceremony to proceed. Not one senior army officer showed up. Even the army band absented itself; Soekarno had to substitute the Djakarta Fire Brigade band.



Eastfoto

PRESIDENT HO
The glasses clinked.

But the new Chief of Staff's troubles were not yet over: he had no office. Acting Chief of Staff Zulkifli Lubis, a Kusumasumantri man who has since split with him, refused to budge from his chair. Kusumasumantri fired him and named another Deputy Chief, only to have the replacement decline the honor. With nary a soldier to heed his command, one-handed Chief of Staff Utuyo repaired to a room in the Hotel des Indes, where he could bark orders at bell boys to heart's content.

The revolt of the anti-Communist colonels was proving a major embarrassment to the government of Premier Ali Sastroamidjojo. With national elections coming up next September, there was even talk that Marxist Defense Minister Kusumasumantri would have to go.

CHINA

Banquet Barrage

Asia's second most successful Communist intriguer, Ho Chi Minh, flew into Peking to see the No. 1 in his business, Mao Tse-tung. As a special honor, No. 1 himself went down to the airport to greet wispy-whiskered Ho, a gesture Mao had not bestowed on such other arriving VIPs as India's Nehru, Britain's Attlee, the U.N.'s Dag Hammarskjöld, or even Russia's Khrushchev and Bulganin. Ho and Mao, according to Peking radio, "embraced with great warmth."

They had topics to talk over warmly, too. Though Communist North Viet Nam inherited the great Red River rice bowl, it also inherited one of the world's most densely populated areas, and there are more mouths than rice. China itself is in no shape to help out. Famine has spread in the wake of last year's worst floods of the century, and last week the Yangtze was again rising toward the "alarm line."

But China's famine was not in evidence at the banquet for Ho given by Premier Chou En-lai, where, according to Radio Peking, there was much "clinking of glasses with those sitting at nearby tables." The Communists also feasted on propaganda. The U.S., charged Chou, is trying to block "peaceful unification of Viet Nam." "These plots," echoed Ho, "gravely threaten peace." Together, they demanded "thorough implementation" of the Geneva Agreements. Under the terms of Geneva, the Communists and the French are supposed to consult together July 20 to work out plans for an all-Viet Nam election next year. The Communists may well decide to press for this at the Big Four Conference.

Accordingly, after being feted in Peking, Ho was bound for Moscow. Ho has said that he will negotiate for elections only with the French and not with South Viet Nam's Premier Ngo Din Diem, whose government did not sign the Geneva Agreements. Ho, who fought the seven year Indo-China war in the guise of a local patriot eager to throw out French colonialism, now wants the French around to help him take over South Viet Nam.

THE HEMISPHERE

ARGENTINA

Damage Control

In happier circumstances—for Argentina, at any rate—Juan Domingo Perón might have made an excellent naval damage-control officer. Last week he set coolly about the job of containing and repairing his losses from the June revolt. For President Perón, the single worst damage from the explosion was public outrage at the burning of nine Roman Catholic churches by Peronista arsonists (see below). It was to the task of conciliating the church, with the least possible loss of face, that he turned first.

Perón had already called for the election of a constituent assembly with the sole task of divorcing the church from the state. Before the ugly church-burnings, Perón would probably have won his point; now he wants to avoid a test of strength. His solution apparently is to seek a concordat, i.e., a diplomatic agreement with the Vatican regulating church-state relations. Even negotiating for a concordat might be pretext enough to postpone the election, which was to have taken place by November.

Men Overboard. To pave the way, Perón last week employed a familiar technique: lightning ship by throwing overboard once useful cronies.⁹ Out went the

⁹ Some notable pals who walked the plank in earlier years: Cipriano Reyes, who mobilized packinghouse workers to catapult Perón to power in 1945, arrested (and still jailed after seven years); Miguel Miranda, Perón's onetime economic czar, ousted; Juan Bramuglia, Foreign Minister who incurred the wrath of Eva Perón, and Oscar Ivanissevich, Education Minister who wrote the pop song *Peronista Boy*, both forced to resign; Domingo Mercante, governor of Buenos Aires Province, humiliated and ousted; Juan Duarte, Perón's own brother-in-law and private secretary, repudiated and fired (he committed suicide).

two front men of his anti-church campaign: Minister of Interior Angel Gabriel Borlenghi (who departed in haste to Uruguay) and Minister of Education Armando Méndez San Martín. To replace them he swore in ("by God, the Fatherland and the Holy Gospels") a pair of party hacks: Oscar Edmundo Albrieu, 40, as Interior Minister, and Francisco Marcos Anglada, 38, as Education Minister. Both were moderate enough to represent a concession to the church, but Peronista enough to make it clear that Perón was not surrendering abjectly. Perón also dumped overboard Eduardo Vuletich, head of the Peronista labor unions who had ardently urged disestablishment of the church.

Church officials preserved strict silence on political matters, but several thousand of their communicants staged a spontaneous procession to the burned churches, and shouted for the return of Bishop Manuel Tato, one of the high-ranking prelates exiled by Perón just before the revolt. In another effective gesture, Buenos Aires' Bishop Miguel de Andrea, the only high-ranking Argentine prelate who steadfastly opposed Perón during the 1945-54 period, threw off his colorful vestments at the altar in burned San Miguel Church and told the congregation that henceforth he would wear only simple black as a sign that his soul was in mourning. But the Papal Nuncio, the Vatican's ambassador, began quiet talks with Perón's Foreign Minister. The presumed topic: a concordat that would separate church from state in the manner of most of the rest of the world.

Minor Repairs. Perón meanwhile went on to repair some lesser damage. By pointedly refraining from filling the Cabinet vacancies with army officers, he kept the army in its place, which (for the higher officer corps) seems to be that of a dictator-admiring gang, happy with the

pay, perquisites and polite graft that Perón provides. Despite persistent reports that the rebellious elements of the navy still had some bargaining power, he removed revolt-leading Rear Admiral Anibal Oliveri from comfortable barracks arrest to the National Penitentiary, and arrested officers at the Belgrano naval base. Then Perón called off the state of siege declared at the height of the revolt.

That, of course, meant no new birth of freedom for troubled Argentina. Things just reverted to the usual "state of internal war" under which Perón has wielded unconstitutional powers of arrest and repression for four years.

The Ravished Churches

Women wept, and children stared around them wide-eyed. Last week at the first services police allowed in Buenos Aires' burned-out churches, Argentine Roman Catholics saw the full extent of the damage. Inside blackened shells they found looted poor boxes, shattered statues and altars, toppled altar rails. They knelt to pray in mounds of ashes.

The churches—nine in all—were set afire the night of the June 16 revolt against Juan Perón. The damage was not the work of rioting mobs (or of Communists, as Perón said) but rather of methodical arsonists. At the 233-year-old Church of San Ignacio, a terrified caretaker saw them: 30 or 40 swarthy, roughly dressed men carrying crowbars and bottles of gasoline. While dust still hung over the nearby Plaza de Mayo, bombed a few hours earlier, the men marched into the church. Within minutes, flames were consuming San Ignacio's great cedar altar and its historic, Indian-carved pulpit. At the same time, similar bands of men touched off other important churches. The lofty dome of the Basilica of San Francisco glowed red. Flames danced in the



Hank Walker—Life

BURNED-OUT CHURCHES IN BUENOS AIRES (FROM LEFT: SANTO DOMINGO, SAN IGNACIO, SAN FRANCISCO)
At the altar, men with crowbars and gasoline.

windows of the archbishop's palace next to the Metropolitan Cathedral (which was spared).

Once reopened, the damaged churches became a focus for piety and anger. Inside Santo Domingo, a priest said Mass at an altar improvised of boxes and boards placed in front of a cross made of two charred timbers wired together and planted in a heap of rubble. At San Ignacio, a brown-robed friar carefully set back on its feet an image of San Benito de Palermo, whose day it was. "Not even in Russia did they do this," he said. "They hanged priests, but they did not destroy the churches." In San Miguel lay partly burned church records.

As though ashamed of the whirlwind it had reaped, the government made no attempt to discourage pilgrimages to the churches; polite cops guarding the damaged properties interfered with nobody and even saluted priests.

GUATEMALA

First Anniversary

Decked with flags and resounding with fireworks, Guatemala City observed a festive anniversary this week. One year ago Colonel Carlos Castillo Armas, the exiled officer who organized a shoestring revolution and ousted the Red-run government of Guatemala, returned in triumph to his nation's capital, later announced that his regime would go "neither right nor left, but straight up."

Freshman Politician Castillo Armas has done his zigzagging best to keep the promise. After briefly outlawing labor unions, Castillo Armas re-established them, purged of their Communist leaders but with strikes out of the question for the present. He abolished the previous regime's famed land-reform decree, but he chased few peasants off their holdings, and is writing a new reform based on full ownership of land instead of government leases.

But it is an axiom of Central American politics that no regime stays popular very long. Professional people and university students are restless over Castillo Armas' continuing government-by-decree, dismayed by his government's apparent lack of political and technical know-how. The President himself complains that most of his economic advisers are "no-idle men." And until he can launch a program to encourage business and raise living standards, the threat of a "pro-labor" Communist comeback will not disappear.

CANADA

Surplus Sales

In Canada, as in the U.S., government farm price-support programs have piled up mountains of butter and wheat. Last week Canada arranged two neat deals to sell part of the worrisome surplus behind the Iron Curtain for cash. To Red-run Czechoslovakia will go 300,000 lbs. of butter at 42¢ a lb.—15¢ less than the government's own purchasing price. For \$19 million, grain-hungry Poland will get 10 million bu. of low-grade wheat.



CAPITOL PRESS SERVICE
CANDIDATE ST. LAURENT
With no ifs or buts.

Ready to Run

For the past year, Canadians pondered the same question about their Prime Minister that U.S. citizens asked of their President: Will he run in the next election? Last week Premier Eisenhower, looking more and more like a candidate, nevertheless kept the guessing game going (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). But in Canada Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent ended the suspense. The 73-year-old Canadian leader passed the word to political intimates that he had definitely made up his mind to go for a third term in the federal election expected in 1957.

St. Laurent's decision to campaign again at the ripe age of 75 was mainly influenced by a marked improvement in his health during the past year. A year ago, after a successful but exhausting world tour and a difficult legislative session, the Prime Minister was feeling his age, and dropped a series of hints that he would retire unless he felt a lot better soon. That prospect was more than agreeable to Mme. St. Laurent, who worried about her lawyer-husband's late entry into politics (at 59) and has never made any secret of her willingness to quit Ottawa for a quieter life at the family home in Quebec City.

During last summer's long holiday season, however, St. Laurent made an impressive comeback. He returned to Ottawa spry and refreshed, and led the government through the current parliamentary session without any serious recurrence of last year's fatigue. "He's as perky as he ever was," observed one government official. "He's enjoying his job too much to give it up." A top Liberal who asked him point-blank about his political plans last week reported afterward that St. Laurent said "definitely, with no ifs or buts [that he] will run in the next election," and serve as Prime Minister "as long as his health stands up."

Big-League Deal

The biggest individual fortune yet made in Alberta oil grew bigger last week. Eric Lafferty Harvie, 63, a Calgary lawyer whose oil earnings to date are estimated at more than \$120 million, sold control of his Western Leaseholds Ltd. for an undiscovered price. The buyer was *Compagnie Financière Belge des Pétroles* (Petrofina), a Belgian company with worldwide holdings which is rapidly building and buying its way into a top position in Canada.

Petrofina did not move into Canada until 1950, after Alberta's oil boom was well under way. Since then the company has spent millions to build refineries and filling stations, and to buy up Alberta oil lands. Western Leaseholds is one of Alberta's soundest companies, with 160 producing wells and drilling rights on some 2,400,000 acres of oil land. The deal was fabulously profitable for Lawyer Harvie. More than 20 years ago, a bankrupt client gave him the then-worthless rights to the best part of the land in payment of a legal fee. Harvie cannily held them until they yielded a fortune.

Downgraded Airmen

During World War II the Royal Canadian Air Force auxiliary sparked Canada's 200,000-man air buildup; its pilots trained and led combat squadrons overseas. But today its 5,000 part-time airmen, flying on weekends and vacations, must make do with Harvard trainers, prop-driven Mustangs, and a few obsolescent Vampire jets. Without making any official announcement, Canada's defense chiefs have decided to count out the weekend warriors as an essential part of the nation's shield against atomic attack.

The defense chiefs' reasoning: for all their enthusiasm and World War II experience, the auxiliary pilots and mechanics would find the latest jets, e.g., the F-86 Sabre or the CF-100 all-weather interceptor, too hot to handle without extensive extra training.* Explained one R.C.A.F. officer: "Things are different now. The whole bloody war might be won or lost in the first half hour."

With the auxiliary discounted as a backstop, Canada's first-line air defenses are thin. The bulk of R.C.A.F. fighter strength (300 aircraft) is assigned to NATO in Europe; only nine under-strength interceptor squadrons (140 jets) are stationed in Canada. As a stopgap measure, the R.C.A.F. plans to bring home squadrons up to full strength (216 aircraft) by year's end. Canadian and U.S. defenses are well coordinated, and in a crisis Canada's planners presumably would look for help from the south. Yet the hard fact is that if A-bombs start to fall, the U.S. Air Defense Command may be too hard-pressed at home to take on additional chores up north.

* The U.S. Air Force is following an exactly opposite policy. Last week it began switching its part-time element, the Air National Guard, from tactical support to jet interception missions with the Air Defense Command.

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Moments after Dwight Eisenhower pinned a third oak-leaf cluster on his Distinguished Service Medal, strapping General **Matthew B. Ridgway**, 60, retiring Army Chief of Staff, was all but cheered by his chic wife "Penny" and crew-cut son Matthew Jr., 6, who proudly inspected his father's newest decoration.

Since Britain's doughty Poetess **Dame Edith (Façade) Sitwell**, 68, and Cinemactress **Marilyn (The Seven Year Itch) Monroe**, 29, met in Hollywood last year, Dame Edith's life has not been the same. Intrigued by the incongruity of the two ladies, the world's press thenceforth gleefully linked their names on the least pretext. Last week, Dame Edith was asked about Marilyn again, reached the end of her rope, cried: "If I hear that young woman's name again I shall shriek! Being a polite and, I hope, chivalrous woman, I said to her . . . that I hoped if she came to London she would . . . have tea with me. That is all there was to it . . . but since then my life has been made absolute hell."

Because Queen Elizabeth II's "public relations are so often bungled," London's *Sunday Express* set aside chauvinism, nominated an American "expert" for the job of handling palace public relations. The *Express*' choice: suave expatriate Cinemator **Douglas Fairbanks Jr.**, K.B.E., "a good mixer, a tireless getter-about and smoother-out of trouble."

Still on the mend after a heart attack that laid him low in Cairo last February, the **Aga Khan**, 77, looking surprisingly



GENERAL RIDGWAY & FAMILY
Near to a cheer.

chipper, enjoyed a sunny outing at Paris' Longchamp race track with his handsome French-born wife, the **Begum**.

The U.S.S.R.'s ace front man, Soviet Foreign Minister **Vyacheslav Molotov**, headed home from the U.N.'s tenth anniversary whoop-de-do in San Francisco. Flashing a toothy smile from under his grey mustache, Molotov deported himself like anybody's lovable old maiden aunt, exuding good will and sedate good humor. When his eastbound train reached Utah, he was handed a security-cleared "Military Map of the U.S.," showing key military installations as of 1953 and bearing printed regrets that censorship prevented inclusion of newer facilities. Arriving in Chicago, Tourist Molotov was greeted by a band of grim-faced hecklers, mostly Baltic refugees. A postal employee was spotted at the depot carrying a shotgun and a .45 revolver. Because he refused to be disarmed briefly (he was guarding mail), he was sternly guarded by two cops while Molotov walked through. The diplomat was soon bustling through Chicago's Museum of Science and Industry, where school kids trailed him and one little girl piped: "Isn't he cute?"

Cute as could be in his new role of museum-gadabout,* he popped up next morning at Manhattan's American Museum of Natural History, where he marveled at 60-million-year-old dinosaur eggs, asked

* Charging through Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art last month, Molotov was shown French Neoclassicist Jacques Louis David's famed painting, *The Death of Socrates*, seemed puzzled about who Socrates was. Pausing to peer at a Rembrandt, he asked: "Who was Rembrandt?" He had, however, heard of Flemish Master Hubert Van Eyck, one of whose works was pointed out to him as acquired by sale from his old Boss Stalin.

a utilitarian question about an Arizona desert scene: "Of what use is the cactus in everyday life?" At noon, he sped out to the Long Island country home of Elder Statesman **Bernard Baruch**, approvingly sampled a Bloody Mary cocktail. Evening found him back in Manhattan, a surprise viewer of the travelogue *Cinerala Holiday* (the Reds once scoffed at the Cinerala process as "an inferior imitation of a 15-year-old Soviet invention"). Next day, with more Baltic Bronx-cheerers on hand, Molotov sailed for Europe. Said he throatily: "Please tell the American people we wish them peace and prosperity."

Word came from East Germany that puppet President **Wilhelm Pieck** had ordered a significant gift constructed for Red China's **Mao Tse-tung**. The trinket: an item of rolling stock sure to be appreciated by the head of any civilized Communist state—a fancy armored railroad car with bulletproof windows.

Only three days after he played host to Britain's **Queen Elizabeth II** and Prince **Philip** in Oslo, Norway's peppery old (82) **King Haakon VII** slipped on a wet bathroom floor in his country home, broke his thigh, was tucked into a hospital bed for the first time in his hale and hearty life. A day earlier, Elizabeth had better luck on slippery footing in Dundee, Scotland. She was departing from Queen's College, St. Andrews University, after a brief visit on a rainy day. Four medical students observed that an 8-ft. red carpet, itself soggy from the downpour, failed to stretch even halfway from a doorway to Elizabeth's waiting car. Dodging cops, they whipped off their scarlet varsity gowns, laid them the entire 20-ft. length of the Queen's path. Elizabeth smiled, hesitated, then—374 years after her forebear **Elizabeth I** similarly trampled **Sir Walter Raleigh's** cloak—trod across the gowns.



AGA KHAN & BEGUM
Back at the track.



QUEEN ELIZABETH II
Far to the car.

Cadillac



World's Best Reason for Ordering a Cadillac !

As almost any Cadillac owner can tell you, his family represents the finest of all reasons for making the move to the "car of cars."

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And how much the car adds to a family's daily happiness! As a

source of pride and pleasure . . . it is, truly, a thing apart.

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Sleep? Why bother with sleeping . . . when you can be thinking about Those Heavenly Carpets by Lees! *You're never seen such colors* as I saw today in the Lees Carpet Selector! I went to the store with just one idea. One new carpet for our living room. Then three things happened. First, I saw all the wonderful Lees Carpets. One big gorgeous rainbow of rugs! Every Lees shade, pattern and texture there together. So easy to match, compare and choose. Second, the man told me all about the Easy New Carpet Payment Plan. How . . . for a small down payment you can absolutely fill your house with color and joy — (and I do mean Lees Carpets). That way, you can enjoy while you pay for your Carpets by Lees! Third, I dashed home happy as a deer — to collect swatches, paint samples, and color cues from every room in our house! So . . . here I am. No wonder I can't sleep! Because tomorrow, darlings, I'm flying straight back to that Lees Selector! Right then and there I'm going to start owning the dream carpets of my life . . .

...those heavenly carpets by **LEES**



Choose from Lees Selector. Use easy time payments. No guess work. All the lovely colors, textures, patterns, at your fingertips in Lees Selector. No hurry, no worry. Just a small deposit and a few dimes a day will do it.



MUSIC

Romeo on Three Levels

France was poor and the times were bad, but Catherine de Medici and her son King Henry III were throwing a royal wedding, and they were not a pair to pinch a franc. Catherine's *volet de chambre*, Balthasar de Beaujoyeux, cooked up for the occasion a lavish combination of painting, music and dancing that is now rated as the first true ballet ever performed. The show began about 10:00 p.m. on Sunday, Oct. 15, 1581 in the Grand Salle of the Hôtel du Petit Bourbon in Paris, and lasted until 3:30 in the morning. There were some 10,000 spectators, and the archers of the King's Guard were posted to hold the best seats for people of importance.

In almost the same spot one night last week, helmeted members of the Garde Républicaine held seats for people of importance—British Ambassador Sir Gladwyn Jebb, Soviet Ambassador Sergei Vinogradov, ex-King Farouk. When they and some 8,000 others were seated, the production of ballet hit a height of splendor to satisfy a Medici.

Dancing Out the Love. Sponsor of the affair was the *Comité Officiel des Fêtes de Paris*, which likes to start each tourist season with a cultural eye-opener. The committee began with the idea of using the Louvre's 3½-acre *Cour Carrée*, one side of which is dominated by a superb Renaissance clock tower. What could be more appropriate than to stage a version of the Renaissance tale of Romeo and Juliet? And what treatment of that theme could be more grandiose than French Composer Hector Berlioz' half-symphony, half-opera, written in 1839? Berlioz composed his work for a chorus and three solo voices, but they are minor roles—he gave neither Romeo nor Juliet a word to sing. The love of Romeo and Juliet was so sublime, he explained, and "its expression so full of danger for the composer that he . . . had recourse to the instrumental idiom, a richer, more varied, less limited language."

The committee decided to go Berlioz one better and use ballet to dance out the love he did not put into words. The old Marquis de Cuevas, 70, the world's biggest-spending balletomane, agreed to contribute his own ballet company to the project; the chorus and orchestra of the Concerts Colonne were engaged to work under Conductor Jean Martinon. The Louvre authorities, fearful of fire, were tougher to persuade: they held out for a full month, until the committee guaranteed to fireproof the outdoor stage, to station a fire truck at the entrance and a fireboat alongside in the Seine.

Dancing in the Window. The company had only a month to do the whole work, got together for rehearsals 14 days before opening. The performance was a superlative success. Under the softly hazy sky of a summer evening in Paris, the dancers spilled and splashed across the stage and

the wide staircases. A second-story window in the Louvre, on a level with the top layer of the stage, served both as Juliet's balcony and the entrance to the Capulets' palace. The three-level arrangement provided scope for graceful choreographic invention. In a *pas de deux*, George Skibine danced the yearning Romeo on the lowest stage while his wife, Marjorie Tallchief, danced Juliet on the highest.

Basso Michel Roux of the Paris Opéra performed commandingly as Friar Lawrence, and the orchestra and chorus sounded as good as could be expected through the amplifiers. At the finale, the audience rose and cheered. But it was the setting that really stole the show—Berlioz, ballet and baggage. As *France-Soir* summed it up the next day: "The Louvre was the biggest success of all."

Notes by Typewriter

After four reels of struggle and starvation, the Young Composer manages to play snatches from his symphony for the Great Conductor, who is entranced. "We will perform it at Edinburgh next month," he promises, and the average moviegoer can go home happily confident that the Young Composer is over the last hurdle on the highroad to success—and perhaps

even to Hollywood Bowl. But composers in the audience will have one more worry about the hero: Where will he get the \$1,000 or so to pay for having his symphony copied so that it can be played by an orchestra?

Cecil Effinger, 40, a music professor at the University of Colorado, whose own compositions, including three symphonies, are well known in the Mountain States, has been thinking about the \$1,000 question since 1945. One day in Paris, he saw an unusual typewriter in a store window, and it got him speculating about a typewriter for music. After investigating and discarding other designs, Effinger came forth last week with a typewriter of 79 characters and a carriage that can be moved freely to produce the most complicated kind of notation. With a little practice, Effinger claims, typists will average about 60 characters a minute (manual copyists average 45). But the advantage, he believes, lies not so much in speed as in an amateur's ability to produce an accurate, legible score suitable for reproduction or for instant use on a music stand. Estimated cost of Effinger's machine: \$300.

Composer-inventor Effinger expects his biggest market to be the field of education. "Copies are being made in schools every day," he says, "making up examinations, making theses, and so on." He warns enthusiastic musical illiterates not to "expect a rush of composers suddenly



"ROMEO & JULIET" AT THE LOUVRE
Love is too dangerous for words.

A. Billeaut

Now you can fly NEW DC-7Bs with radar TO SOUTH AMERICA!

Faster—by up to 50 miles an hour—and the only DC-7B service to Panama, Ecuador, Peru, Chile, Argentina.

Featured on daily deluxe *El InterAmericano* service! Soon a whole fleet of DC-7Bs.

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to sit down behind desks with cigarettes dangling out of their mouths and begin pouring out a ream of symphonies on these machines. The Music Writer will simply be used instead of a pen when it comes to making finished copies."

New Records

Czech Composer Leos Janacek (*Jenufa*) was fascinated by Dostoevsky's autobiographical novel, *From the House of the Dead*, about life in a Siberian prison camp. In 1928, in the last year of his life but still at the peak of his powers, Janacek used the Dostoevsky work as the basis of a three-act opera. It had one of its rare performances last summer at the Holland Festival, where it was recorded by Philips, and last week *Aus Einem Totenhaus* was released in the U.S. on two Epic LPs.

The opera is a daring work from many points of view: it has no plot, but consists of a series of gloom-ridden episodes, recollections, even a bleak little prison play in pantomime; 16 of its 17 singing roles are men; it contains a minimum of tunes and some very strange harmonic goings-on indeed. And yet it is a strong work from overture to the final hymn to freedom, and is even gripping in three long narratives by the prisoners against a background of unnerving orchestral fantasy. Over all hangs an eerie, Kafka-like haze that results partly from the use of exotic folk idiom, partly from acoustical theories that led Janacek to dispense with accepted harmonic transitions. Because of its static quality, *Aus Einem Totenhaus* has had few performances in the opera house. On records it is the score that counts, and the result is well worth a hearing.

Other new records:

Bartok: Piano Concerto No. 3 (Monique Haas; Berlin's RIAS Symphony Orchestra conducted by Ferenc Fricsay; Decca). Bartok was racing death when



Would you like to make their future happy, too?

Many parents—grandparents, aunts and uncles, too—are using a new kind of life insurance to give children a head start on a financial program of their own.

A child can have a Massachusetts Mutual PROGRESSIVE PROTECTION policy that automatically increases fivefold at age 21—every \$1,000 of insurance *jumping to \$5,000*. The premium does not increase . . . and it is surprisingly low, as low as 46% of the premium for the expanded amount of insurance if bought at age 21.

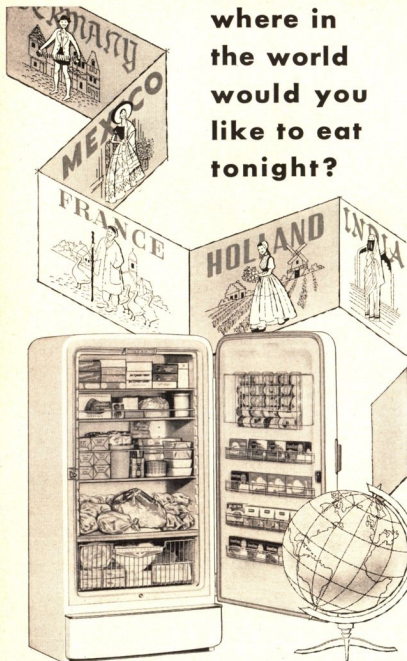
The PROGRESSIVE PROTECTION is an all-purpose policy. During the productive and family-raising years it combines insurance protection with a backlog for emergencies or business opportunities. For the retirement years it provides cash or lifelong income.

. . .

Find out now how you can give the child you love a financial head start with a PROGRESSIVE PROTECTION policy. Ask your Massachusetts Mutual man or call our General Agent listed under "Massachusetts Mutual" in your telephone book.

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A Hotpoint Freezer lets you take a Cook's Tour without ever leaving home!

No passport needed to send appetites abroad! On the roomy shelves of a Hotpoint Freezer you'll store not only exotic favorites, but *pounds* of good, solid American eating at big year-round savings. Freezing coils in walls and shelves assure super-safe "Double-Action" freezing. Juice dispenser, door shelves, adjustable interior shelves, Capri color-styled interiors — only Hotpoint gives you all this! See the Hotpoint Freezer soon.*



Hotpoint

FIRST WITH THE FINEST FOR 50 YEARS!



*Dealers listed in most classified phone directories.

Hotpoint Co. (A Division of General Electric Company), Chicago 44.

he composed this strongly appealing work, because he wanted to leave his pianist-wife something to play for her living. (He died in 1945 with the last few bars uncompleted.) French Pianist Haas is up against some stiff competition from other recorded versions, but, perhaps because the concerto was written for a woman, her delicately imaginative performance is hard to beat.

Cowell: Symphony No. 11 (Louisville Orchestra conducted by Robert Whitney; Columbia). One of the most prolific of U.S. composers in a fine, strong work that is worth every penny of Louisville's \$1,000 commission (TIME, Jan. 24). Subtitled *Seven Rituals of Music*, it moves from a wispy, tender "music for a child asleep" into a too-thunderous "ritual of work," a syncopated "dance and plays" movement with a xylophone that sounds as if it were made of china, to a movement of whispering magic and a fugal finale.

Dallapiccola: Tartiniana (Ruth Posselt, violin; Columbia Symphony conducted by Leonard Bernstein; Columbia). Italy's most famed modernist in a mellow mood. Two of the four movements start with themes by 18th century Violinist-Composer Tartini, then gradually, smoothly warm up to entrancing modernity. All of the movements seem to weave Tartini's melodies serenely for a while, then get involved in the implications of their own patterns; at other times the old tunes appear in a kind of bas-relief against a background of alien dissonance. A fascinating composition.

Debussy: Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien (Suzanne Danco, soprano; Union Chorale de la Tour-de-Peilz; Suisse-Romande Orchestra conducted by Ernest Ansermet; London). Debussy's incidental music to D'Annunzio's mystery play of 1911. Its five scenes: Court of Lilies, the Magic Chamber, Council of the False Gods, the Stricken Laurel and Paradise. Debussy's vaporous music is ideal for the eerie atmosphere of miracles and superstition, and there are some exquisite songs sung in Danco's exquisite soprano.

Mozart: Rondo in A Minor, K. 511 (Guiomar Novaes, piano; Vox). One of the remarkable compositions of Mozart's last years, this rondo spaces out a pretty, parlor-music theme with unusual interludes of poignance and even tragedy. Brazilian Pianist Novaes plays it (and three sonatas) with warmth and strength.

Mussorgsky: Sunless Cycle (Maria Kurenko; soprano, Vsevolod Pastukhoffs, piano; Capitol). Unlike Mozart, Mussorgsky poured out his unhappiness in music. These songs reflect some of the composer's passionate frustration at the savage critical reaction to *Boris Godunov*. Soprano Kurenko sings them with sympathy and insight.

Also noteworthy: Schubert, Brahms and Strauss songs, sung by Soprano Kirsten Flagstad (Victor); Mozart's *Clarinet Quintet*, played by members of the Vienna Octet (London); Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf*, narrated by 13-year-old Brandon (*Member of the Wedding*) de Wilde (Vox).



That night...Rugby lost its voice

...but, with Western Electric's help, telephone service was fully restored 4 days later!

THURSDAY, 7:20 P.M.—Fire breaks out in building next to Bell telephone office in Rugby, N. D. Eleven minutes later, smoke and flames drive operators from switchboards. Telephone office totally destroyed. All telephones in Rugby and the surrounding communities out of service!

9:00 P.M.—Local telephone crews get five emergency telephones in service.

9:30 P.M.—Western Electric Installation Supervisor 65 miles away—alerted by telephone people in Rugby—continues rush assembly of crew of installers from many points in North Dakota.

Orders replacement equipment from Western Electric's Distributing House in Minneapolis.

MIDNIGHT—Truck with switchboards, cable and other equipment leaves Minneapolis.

FRIDAY, 2:00 A.M.—First group of installers reaches Rugby . . . begins preliminary work.

7:00 P.M.—Truck from Minneapolis arrives, after battling severe snow storms.

8:30 P.M.—One section of switchboard already installed and in operation in temporary quarters.

SATURDAY, 6:00 A.M.—Two more sections of switchboard in service. Work continues round the clock all week-end.

MONDAY, P.M.—Service fully restored to all telephones in Rugby and the surrounding communities.

Seldom has the value of Western Electric as a part of the Bell System been more sharply pointed up than during the Rugby emergency.

To us—as the manufacturing and supply unit of the System—fast work in times of disaster is nothing new.

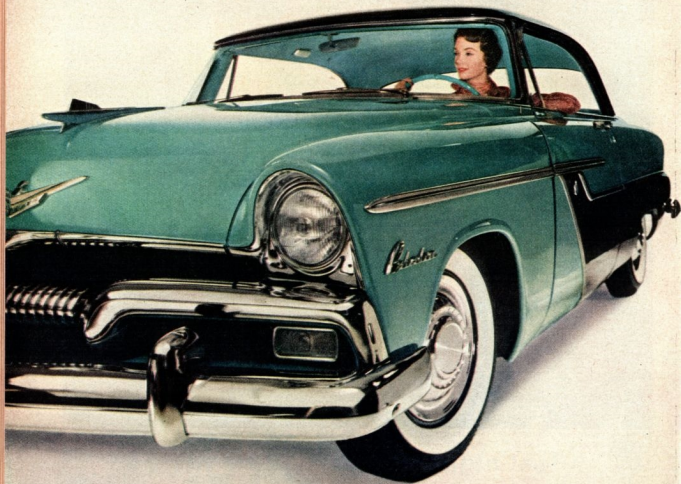
But here's how this Bell System performance struck the editor of the local paper: "... Who else would have the organization, the resources, the know how . . . to work such a miracle as Western Electric and the telephone company worked here in the past few days?"

Western Electric

MANUFACTURING AND SUPPLY



UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM



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the internationally famous Society of
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*The Society is composed of the nation's
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Now, the best things come in the *biggest* package in the lowest-price field! It takes the long, rangy spaciousness of the all-new Plymouth to wrap up so *many* things that make motoring a delight.

This clean-cut, forward-thrusting thoroughbred gives you the most size... 17 feet of richly-colored beauty. Only a big car like Plymouth can give you a truly big-car ride! In addition, Plymouth offers the most leg room, front and rear... the widest front seat... the biggest luggage compartment... the most in safety features so vital to

your peace of mind. It brings you the world's most modern Metal-in-Motion styling—the Forward Look—nothing hand-me-down or warmed over. In *every* way, Plymouth offers the satisfaction that comes from owning the biggest and best!

This year, of all years, *look at all 3!* Learn of the magnificent engineering and craftsmanship that are mated to Plymouth's style and size. Then we are confident that you'll choose Plymouth.

See "PLYMOUTH NEWS CARAVAN" with John Cameron Swazey on NBC-TV

ALL-NEW PLYMOUTH '55

Best buy new; better trade-in, too!... a great new car for the YOUNG IN HEART



RELIGION

Contest Controversy

Three lawyers carefully studied the plan and found it "entirely within the law." Two theologians, five bishops and three religious superiors were consulted about it from the standpoint of morality and Christian ethics. Finally, with only one dissenting vote, the plan was approved by the 68-member board of the American Church Union, high church group in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The plan was no blueprint for union of the churches, no design for history-making doctrinal upheaval, but a puzzle contest. Its purpose: to raise \$100,000 for the A.C.U. by offering \$50,000 in prize money to contributors who solve a series of rebus puzzles with terse clues. (Example: "He was a Union general in the Civil War. He made a famous ride.") So far, despite the precautions of the A.C.U., the contest has raised more fuss than funds.

Pulpit v. Pulp. Keith S. Sutton, a nationally known puzzle expert, set up the contest with the blessing of the Rev. Canon Albert J. duBois, general secretary of the A.C.U. The board's lone dissenter, the Rev. Charles H. Graf of Manhattan's St. John's Episcopal Church in the Village, objected to the puzzle initially because, he argued, contestants are encouraged by easy come-on puzzles until they reach "tie-breakers" that are "so prodigiously difficult that only experts can solve them."

Father Graf soon found more compelling reasons for opposing the contest. He discovered that the full-page ads announcing the contest over the A.C.U.'s name were being placed in romance magazines (*Life Romances*, *Romance Confessions*), comic books (*Lovers*, *My Own Romance*, *Diary Confessions*), confidential magazines and other pulps with sexy or lurid themes and pictures. Shocked, he resigned from the A.C.U., took to his pulpit to condemn the contest as "barely legal, hardly legitimate and highly unethical."

Circulation v. Implication. Magazines that have accepted the ads, said Father Graf, "will corrupt the minds of our youth." He called the puzzles "gyp lotteries," reminded the A.C.U. that the House of Bishops opposes bingo and other gambling. Furthermore, he implied, the whole business was unsound: "If less than \$315,000 is grossed," he said, "then the A.C.U. will receive not one cent. How in conscience can a church organization take such a gamble with its reputation and its contributors' money?"

Pained, the A.C.U. retorted that it allowed ads to be placed in pulp magazines because their rates were cheaper, their circulations large and many of their readers puzzle fans. The contest, it insisted, was "moral, ethical, legal, legitimate and proper" and Father Graf had "by implication, smear and innuendo impugned the morals, ethics, motives and intelligence of the council [and] permitted numerous errors and distortions of fact . . . to cloud the issue."

Deadline from God

Almighty God, says a handsome, snappily dressed Oklahoman, has personally asked him, in audible tones, to win a million souls by July 1, 1956. This theophanous request—especially with a deadline—might give pause to many a lesser man, but it is made to order for the special talents of the Rev. Oral Roberts, 37-year-old evangelist and faith healer and the U.S.'s newest religious comet.

Almost 2,000,000 people in the U.S. and South Africa have already heard Roberts' rotund voice, been exposed to his

to heal you, and you are to take My healing power to your generation."

Roberts got well, became a preacher of the Pentecostal Holiness Church, traveled all over the U.S. For twelve years, he says, God did not give him the promised healing powers. One day he locked himself in his church study in Enid, Okla. and addressed himself to God: "I am going to find You. I will lie down on this floor before You and start praying. I will never rise until You speak to me." After several hours, he recounts, God ordered him to get up ("He spoke like a military commander"), get in his car, drive one block and turn right. As he started the right turn God gave him the healing power. Oral drove to the parsonage, ran into the house and shouted to



EVANGELIST ROBERTS RAISING "HEALING" ARM (IN HARRISBURG, PA.)
"Oh, Jesus. There he goes."

high-pressure evangelism. He has conducted 20 successful crusades, set up regular programs on 223 radio and 98 TV stations throughout the U.S., gone into the publishing business with books, tracts and two magazines (total circ. 5,000,000). But his most valuable asset is his "healing" right arm, through which, he says, the power of God flows like a current of electricity.

On the Floor. "Getting saved made many great changes for me," wrote Roberts in his autobiography (100,000 copies sold, at \$1.50 each). This is probably the only understatement of which he has ever been guilty. The son of a struggling revivalist preacher in Ada, Okla., he was, at the age of 16, at "the end of the way," afflicted with tuberculosis and stuttering. Despairing of his life, his family took him to a revivalist healer. On the way, God spoke to him for the first time in an audible voice. Said He: "Son, I am going

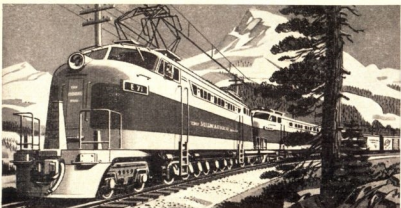
his wife: "Evelyn, cook me a meal; the Lord has spoken to me!"

On the Road. Roberts promptly moved to Tulsa and set up headquarters. From then on, he says, "the thing mushroomed." Today, in a modern, air-conditioned building in Tulsa, an office staff of 155 keeps tabs on Roberts' highly organized Healing Waters Inc., using row upon row of files and machines to sort and answer thousands of letters that pour in daily, handling magazine, tract and book distribution and keeping books on the evangelist's thriving financial affairs. On the road, another staff of twelve rolls across country in eight stainless-steel truck trailers. Their cargo: a 200-by-360-ft. tent that Roberts claims is the largest evangelistic tent in the world, an aluminum preaching platform that can hold 60 people, a 60,000-watt lighting and public-address system and sundry other equipment worth \$240,000.

Roberts begins his revival meetings by



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warming up the audience with a session of lively hymn singing, then launches into a hell-fire sermon, storming up and down the platform with microphone in hand. When he finally asks the unsaved to come forward, hundreds troop down the aisles past the shiny aluminum tent-poles. During the service Roberts also asks for contributions, which may average \$2,000 for an audience of 10,000.

On the Offense. The laying on of hands is the climax. The halt, the lame and the blind file up, or are pushed or carried, before Roberts one by one. He prays for each one, sometimes seizing a head and wriggling it vigorously or pumping an arthritic arm up and down. "I ask the Lord to deliver our sister here from sugar in her blood," he cries. "Heavenly Lord take the head noises away from this woman." Last week outside Harrisburg, Pa., an emaciated youth afflicted by polio and epilepsy rose unsteadily from his pallet after Roberts touched him on the first night of a 10-day crusade. "Oh, Jesus," moaned the crowd. "There he goes."

Thousands claim to have been cured through Roberts of everything from tuberculosis to menopause troubles, but most return home with the same ailments with which they came. Roberts' critics have accused him of shrewdly selecting hysterics and effecting only temporary relief. Earlier this year in Phoenix, Ariz., a group of ministers offered, while Roberts was in town, to pay \$1,000 for any proof of divine healing, got no comers. Of such doubters, Roberts says: "I'll leave them to their theology. I'm out to save souls. I have more friends among doctors than among ministers."

Is Communism Christian?

The Very Rev. Dr. Hewlett Johnson, "Red Dean" of England's Canterbury Cathedral, has long managed to maintain a strict distinction between pulpit and soapbox. Last week, for the first time, the Red Dean decided to move his soapbox into church.

He had just begun the first of six announced sermons on "Christianity and Communism" when Canterbury Cathedral's 100 loudspeakers began emitting earsplitting squeals. Said the Dean: "I think there must be an enemy here." (Technicians later found that somebody had tampered with the public-address system.) Then he turned off the mike, launched into a sermon that his congregation found even more earsplitting.

"The faith of Communism has gripped the world as no other movement since the rise of Christianity . . ." he said. "I am convinced that a synthesis of the two faiths is possible and will eventually bring blessings to the entire human race . . . Is [Communism] Christian? I say 'yes,' as I did 50 years ago. Russia . . . has, in spite of all her faults, founded her economy on a Christian theory."

London's tabloid *Daily Mirror* immediately nominated the Dean for "the most unending ass, half in Christendom and half in Communism." The *London Daily*

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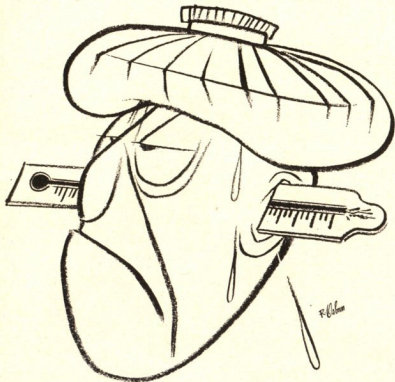
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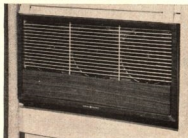
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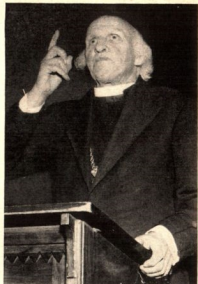
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GENERAL  ELECTRIC



R. C. Raggsdale—Milton
CANTERBURY'S RED DEAN
He moved his soapbox.

Sketch's editorial columnist, Candidus, angrily scored his "antics and political clowning," suggested a boycott of the cathedral whenever he preached. From the pulpit of London's St. Luke's Church, the Rev. Hector Morgan issued another blast: "Send Dr. Johnson on a permanent mercy mission to the prisoners in the salt mines of Siberia."

But as Londoners know, the Red Dean, appointed by the Crown in 1931, cannot be removed from his post as long as he fulfills his clerical duties and does not infringe on the laws of church or state.

Words & Works

¶ The 2,000,000-member Lutheran Missouri Synod launched a "Senior Citizens' Project" to take systematic advantage of the spare time and energy of its elder laymen for "God-pleasing endeavors." The synod's Laymen's League will probably appropriate \$10,000 to begin the project, prepare a manual to suggest jobs that will benefit both churches and oldsters.

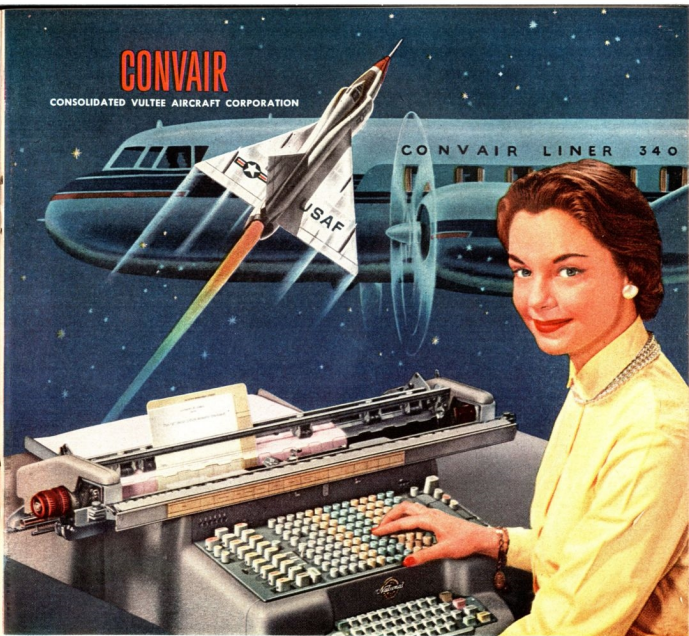
¶ The U.S. wryly informed the Soviet Union that it is ready to accept a permanent Soviet clergyman in return for permission to send a new U.S. Roman Catholic priest to Moscow to replace ousted Father Georges Bissonnette.

¶ The plunging necklines and backless dresses of modern brides are becoming an increasing distraction to clergymen officiating at weddings, the Rev. Leslie Aitken of Burley Vicarage, Leeds, England complained to his Anglican parishioners. "During the ceremony," the clergyman said, "the girls stand two steps below me . . . It's all terribly embarrassing."

¶ Breaking the Soviet press's seven-month practice of soft-pedaling attacks on religion, the Leningrad *Pravda* charged that the celebration of religious holidays by collective farmers is causing vast damage to Russian agriculture, declared that the people are "not in need of religion."

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EDUCATION

Of One Blood

Had he been a less dedicated man, the abolitionist preacher called John Gregg Fee might have thought he had done enough for the illiterate mountain folk he had come to serve. On a desolate tract of land donated by Cassius Clay, he had established a whole new community at the foothills of the Cumberland Mountains in Kentucky. He had dug the well, built the nonsectarian church, opened the one-room schoolhouse in 1855. But now, he wrote later in the *American Missionary*, "we need a college here . . . an anti-slavery, anti-caste, anti-rum, anti-tobacco, anti-sectarian, pious school under Christian influence, a school that will furnish the best possible facilities for those with small

road of ignorance and persecution "in the service of their ideal."

Exiles' Return. Because of those early travelers, thousands of young mountaineers have been able to get an education they would otherwise never have had. But the sort of education they received involved far more than opening up the world of books. In 1859, Berea's leaders were exiled from the state for their anti-slavery stand; Founder Fee himself was mobbed and beaten no fewer than 13 times. Nevertheless, in 1866, the faculty was back again to make the daring announcement that Berea would take in Negroes. Even when Kentucky's Day Law of 1904 specifically forbade the practice, Berea remained faithful to its trust. It dipped into its meager savings and with



BEREA STUDENTS IN THE BAKERY
Not for the rich, the proud and the indolent.

means." Last week, as Berea College celebrated its 70th anniversary, it was everything that its founder could have hoped for. "We need working men," Preacher Fee had said. "The rich, the proud and the indolent will not come to such a school as we propose."

To help the college celebrate, friends and alumni from all over the U.S. gathered last week in Berea (pop. 3,400). Governor Lawrence Wetherby of Kentucky was on hand, and along with Berea's President Francis S. Hutchins,* he happily climbed into a horse-drawn surrey to lead the big parade through the town. The main event, however, was the opening of a play called *Wilderness Road*, which was written especially for the occasion by Southern Author Paul Green. The play was in every way appropriate—a warm tribute to the builders of Berea who decades ago traveled down the wilderness

\$400,000 started the Lincoln Institute to take care of those whom until 1950 it could not legally accept.

From the start, Berea's fees were minimal (it charges no tuition). Its first barefooted students merely brought whatever they could. Some came with potatoes, others with eggs; one boy walked 50 miles leading a cow. Then a few students began to bring homemade quilts, and these, President William Frost discovered, could be sold. From quilts, the students went on to furniture, gradually built up Berea's famed Student Industries which now do some \$400,000 worth of business a year.

The Good Teacher. Today, the college's 1,162 students still divide their time between study and labor. But as a result of the administrations of Frost, William J. Hutchins and his son Francis, the old campus looks like anything but a pioneer settlement. Its endowment has grown to \$16 million. It has a school of nursing, runs a 357-student Foundation School where anyone, no matter what his age, can

* Brother of onetime Chancellor Robert Hutchins of the University of Chicago.

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get a basic education. Berea students help run the college's 65-bed hospital. They can study forestry on its 5,600 acres of woodland, learn agriculture and animal husbandry on 803 acres of farm and dairy land.

Working under the supervision of a dean of labor, they bake the community's bread, man the local tavern (still bone dry), learn to turn out such dishes as chicken flakes in bird's nest, eggnog pie, toasted Brazil-nut pie and ginger biscuits. They weave bedspreads, napkins and tablecloths, produce a vast assortment of wooden furniture. Though no student graduates without a thorough grounding in the liberal arts, Berea regards its work program as an essential part of its education. Whether black or white, foreign or native, every boy or girl must put in at least ten hours a week at some sort of labor. "In Berea," says President Hutchins, "we refer to labor as the good teacher."

Over the years, the college has produced its share of doctors, lawyers, businessmen and college presidents. But half of its graduates still go back to their mountain communities, and of these, many become teachers. Thus the message of Berea returns continually to the mountains. To a whole region it has brought learning where no learning was before, but perhaps even more important, it has also brought its motto: "God hath made of one blood all nations of men."

The Learned One

For the 1,600 young ladies at the Tokyo *Joshi Daigaku* (Tokyo Women's Christian College) it was a little flattering at first to encounter the new professor of ancient Oriental history. The ladies never knew just how low to bow. Even more disconcerting, the professor would merely tip his brown fedora, whatever one did, and quietly amble on. Sometimes he would ride to the college by bus and crowded electric tram. But if he happened to be late, he would occasionally pull up in an imperial limousine with the Emperor's chrysanthemum crest on the door. Furthermore, there was the problem of knowing how to address him. The new professor was none other than Prince Takahito Mikasa, 39, brother of the Emperor, and the only prince of the royal blood ever to teach in a classroom.

Had the ladies known him better, the prince in his new career might not have seemed so surprising. Ever since he was a child, he has made it a habit to confound the imperial household. At four, he broke into the public press by publishing an original essay ("The horse is a very clever animal. You beat him with a whip, and he quickly jumps"). For years after that, he was known as the Prince of Nursery Tales.

Horses & History. As a cavalry officer, he became the Horse Prince, and after serving in the war as an army major, he briefly earned the title of the Red Prince, because he echoed the Communist line against rearmament. He was the first of his family to get a driver's license. He



PRINCE MIKASA
How now to bow?

Kay Tateishi

became an outspoken apostle of the Yankee square dance, of birth control (said he after the birth of his fourth child: "It is not easy to practice what you preach"), and of the Crown Prince's right to marry as he chooses ("The Crown Prince is like a bird in a cage. If he prefers a love marriage, it should be recognized"). Meanwhile, he also became a recognized authority on the ancient Orient. For such a man, it seemed perfectly natural to sign up to teach at the Tokyo Women's College at \$6.40 a month.

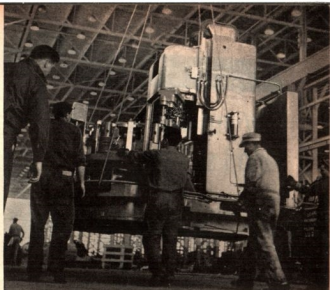
In the one term he has been there, the 15 girls in his class have gradually become accustomed to him. Before each lecture, he carefully reviews his notes, then launches into a lighthearted dissertation on anything from "Noah's Ark" (because it happens to be raining outside) to "Eye Shadow" (i.e., the cosmetics of ancient Egypt). Recently, he recommended that his students go to see the movie, *The Egyptian*, as "an illuminating pictorial explanation of the period we are discussing." Thereupon, he swung around to the blackboard, jotted down the time of every showing.

Tea & Sympathy. Though some of his colleagues still call him *Denka* (Your Imperial Highness, or Honorable Member of the Imperial Palace), most of his students have learned to address him as *Sensei* (Learned One). They have also learned that if they go to the cafeteria after class, they are apt to find him chatting away over a favorite dish that is now known as Prince Noodles. Then, with a friendly nod, the new professor departs—followed by an attendant whose solemn duty it is to tell him exactly what was wrong with his morning lecture.

Last week, as vacation time approached, Prince Mikasa decided to turn his last class into a tea party. "Have fun," he advised his students. "That's what vacations are for." But did the *Denka* intend



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to make a career of being a *Sensei*? Says Mikasa: "At first, I was so nervous and I spoke so fast that I had a tendency to stutter and mumble. But now I think I should make a pretty good professor."

Report Card

❑ In Buffalo a band of hoodlums broke into School 69 last week, emptied fire extinguishers over the auditorium's seats, smashed a snare drum through a bass drum, broke two large ceramic vases, slashed a movie screen to ribbons, desecrated a new American flag, broke both skylights in the gym, and in general indulged in a wholesale orgy of ink splashing, paint splattering, light-bulb smashing. Estimated damage: \$1,000. What worried Buffalo authorities most: P.S. 69 is the twelfth school to be attacked since last February.

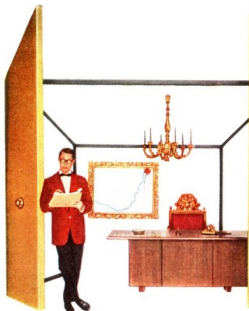
❑ The American Council on Education reported that enrollments for the 170 academic courses offered on TV by 44 U.S. campuses would "fill a large university." The number: 12,000.

❑ New York City took one more step in its gradual abandonment of the policy of automatic promotions for public-school pupils no matter what their marks. Last week it announced that it would hold back 11,709 out of 448,000 elementary-school students—a jump of nearly 6,000 over 1954.

❑ The Institute for International Education tallied up the number of foreigners studying at U.S. colleges and universities, reported that there were 34,232 students, 635 teachers and 5,036 physicians from 129 different nations.

❑ At a convention of his colleagues, Clarence Schoenfeld, a public-relations man for the University of Wisconsin, issued a blunt warning: "I have the uneasy feeling that so-called 'public relations' practices are muzzling and muffling our colleges. We have set out with great zeal to make friends and influence the public, and in so doing we have not only persuaded our professors to be more discreet, we have drugged these same professors into absolute silence . . . It may be quite true that our universities are quiet today because they have been intimidated . . . It is my personal conviction, however, that the real problem of the university today is not so much that fear has stopped it from freedom of utterance, but rather that misguided P.R. policies have led to an absence of those disturbing, pioneering, provocative ideas which it is the responsibility of the American campus to foster."

❑ In Birmingham, two women who declared that they had been admitted by mail to the University of Alabama and then turned down when authorities found that they were Negroes won the first court decision against Jim Crow in the state's educational system. The women, ruled Federal Judge Harlan H. Grooms, "were denied admission to the university solely on account of their race and color." Henceforth, in accordance with the 14th Amendment, the university will have to admit qualified Negroes.



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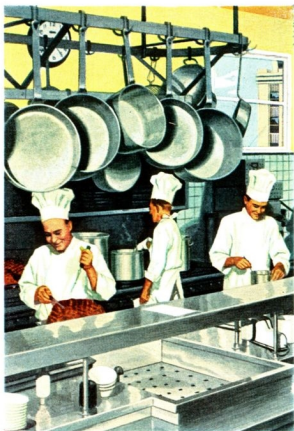
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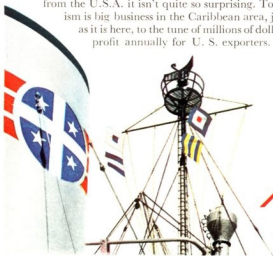
SAN JUAN **AND** SAN FRANCISCO ...give sales managers food for thought

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RADIO & TELEVISION

Biography in Sound

"It was as if all his story described a big dance to which he had taken the really top girl, and as if he stood at the same time outside the ballroom, a little Midwestern boy with his nose to the glass, wondering how much the tickets cost and who paid for the music."

With these perceptive lines, punctuated by the frayed, nostalgic jazz of the 1920s, NBC-Radio News last week opened an hour-long *Biographies in Sound* (Tues. 9 p.m., E.D.T.) of F. Scott Fitzgerald. It proved to be a poignant re-creation of the tragic life and happy times of one of the most gifted American writers of the



ZELDA & SCOTT FITZGERALD (1932)
Before keys turned in locks.

20th century. It also showed off radio at its nonvisual, imaginative best. In the same field, television, with all its gaudy resources, might have distorted a story that simple words and music truly evoked. *Biographies*, a sustaining show with a tiny budget of \$500 per program, started as a one-shot with a biography of Winston Churchill. It was so good that the show went on a regular basis last December and has been going strong ever since.

Alabama Beauty. In the Fitzgerald story, Editor William Hill recaptured the flavor of the flapper era and of the man who recorded and personified it, by simple and authentic means: period jazz (Chicago and New Orleans styles), Fitzgerald's own words and the varied voices of his friends reminiscing about him. The voices of Fitzgerald's friends were what gave this thumbnail radio biography a unique intimacy.

Cecil Reed, a boyhood friend in St. Paul, told how young Scott lay awake nights talking of his ambition to go to Princeton. Judge John Biggs Jr., a Princeton roommate, told how, fresh from St. Paul, Fitzgerald "had the advantage of being a superb writer, [but] his knowledge of spelling and punctuation was almost rudimentary." Gerald Murphy, an intimate friend of later years, described Zelda Sayre, the Alabama beauty Fitzgerald loved: "She had rather a powerful, hawk-like expression, very beautiful features, not classic, and extremely penetrating eyes, and a very beautiful figure, and she moved beautifully. She had a great sense of her own appearance and wore dresses that were very full and very graceful . . . Her mind worked in a most interesting way. She almost never said anything indifferent or certainly nothing ever silly, and her angle of vision and her perception were very personal."

Ritual Orgies. Fitzgerald married Zelda on the \$5,000 advance royalties of his first novel, *This Side of Paradise*, and they set off on a mad fling that was to span the decade, cover a couple of continents, and wind up with Scott an inveterate alcoholic and Zelda a hopeless schizophrenic. Fitzgerald's literary agent, Harold Ober, told radio listeners where the money came from: short stories, at \$4,000 a story. Friendly Critic Malcolm Cowley defined the double vision that helped Fitzgerald command such prices: "He was a man of the 1920s who took part in the ritual orgies of the time, but he also kept a secretly detached position, regarding himself as a pauper living among millionaires . . . a sullen peasant among the nobility."

A friend told of Fitzgerald's generosity to a writer who was then unknown: "After Scribners showed a reluctance to publish Ernest Hemingway, [Scott] issued an ultimatum. All that I recall of it was that it ended, 'or else.'" Henry Wales, an American correspondent in Paris, told how Fitzgerald did battle one night in an elegant Montmartre nightclub against six Argentines armed with champagne bottles, with the damages in broken glassware alone amounting to \$500. Two close friends, Millionaire Gerald Murphy and oldtime Cinematress Lois Moran, spoke as the original models of Dick Diver and Rosemary, two of Fitzgerald's principal characters in *Tender Is the Night*.

Cracked Plate. Arthur Mizener, Fitzgerald's biographer (*The Far Side of Paradise*), told how Scott and Zelda expected nothing but joy out of life and quarreled bitterly when they were disappointed.

"We grew up founding our dreams on the infinite promises of American advertising," Zelda once said. "I still believe that one can learn to play the piano by mail, and that mud will give you a perfect complexion." After Zelda became ill, Fitzgerald said, "I left my capacity for hoping on the little road that led to Zelda's sanitarium." He wrote her: "Do you remember before keys turned in locks, when life

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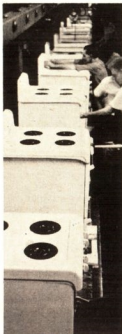
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was a closeup and not an occasional letter, that I hated to swim naked from the rocks while you liked absolutely nothing better? Still stupid with grief, I find these are the only quarrels I remember." And Zelda could only reply: "Oh Dodo, Dodo, I love you anyway, even if there isn't any me or any love, or even life, I love you."

When the sanitarium caught fire, Zelda died in the flames. At 39, Fitzgerald "suddenly realized that I had prematurely cracked, cracked like an old plate." He recovered enough to write part of a novel about Hollywood, *The Last Tycoon*, which might have been his masterpiece. But when he had reached the middle of chapter six, a heart attack ended his life at 44. Almost nobody came to the bare funeral home where his body lay. But his old friend Dorothy Parker did. Her hard-boiled epitaph, too strong for last week's radio show, echoed Fitzgerald's own tag line to *The Great Gatsby*. Looking at the corpse, she said, "The poor son of a bitch."



NBC's GARROWAY
With grandiose ease.

Coast to Coast

NBC's chief idea man, President Sylvester L. ("Pat") Weaver, with his customary leaning to hyperbole, last month promised that he would wrap up the world and deliver it in a super-spectacular package to U.S. televisioners (*TIME*, June 13). Last week he delivered. The package was not quite as spectacular as promised, but *Wide, Wide World*, seen on NBC-TV's *Producer's Showcase*, was nonetheless a brilliant demonstration of how far and fast TV can travel. It was easily the most rewarding show of the week.

As guide to *Wide, Wide World*, Dave Garroway was pleasantly relaxed as he led viewers on "a summer's night's entertainment." But along with his deceptive casualness came a swift succession of effectively planned pictures and sound. Operating live in the wide, wide world, the camera

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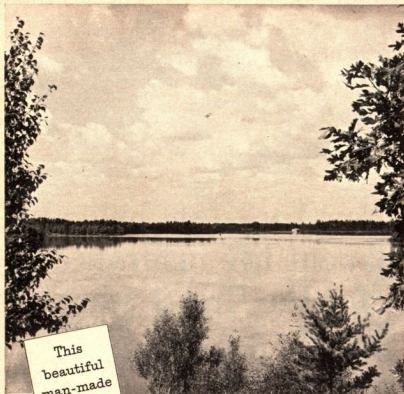
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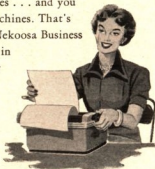
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focused on Manhattan's skyscrapers at dusk and on Times Square as New Yorkers started heading theaterwards. Then, with grandiose ease, it swept by stages across the American continent and its time zones. It hopped to Chicago, where diners looked out at Lake Michigan. It came down to an Iowa farm, where the cows were just getting in from pasture. It moved on to Denver, where office workers were homeward bound, jumped to Salt Lake City on the other side of the Rockies and on to the Pacific, swelling with awesome beauty in the setting sun. This cross-continental panorama of a nation, simultaneously caught at work and play within the same bracket of time, had the impact and immediacy of a kind of electronic miracle that allows people to see what once could only be grasped by the imagination.

The coast-to-coast trip took only about four minutes; the rest of the hour-and-a-half show never strayed too far from the routine (with one exception), although it continued to jump from East to West Coast and up to Canada for a scene from *Julius Caesar* at the Stratford Festival. The exception was Cantinflas, the famed Mexican comic, fighting a small (700-lb.) bull in a Tijuana bullring. Cantinflas came out wearing a crushed, narrow-brimmed fedora and pants that hovered uncertainly halfway down his hips. The bull took one look at him and seemed frankly baffled. The band struck up a rumba, and Cantinflas, stomping his feet to the rhythm, moved in with his cape. For a while the bull seemed to paw the ground in time to the music, too. Then, as the music changed to a tango, Cantinflas glided in and made a series of passes without ever losing a step or even treading on the bull's feet. Finally Cantinflas pulled the bull's tail and planted a symbolic death sword in his neck. The arena crowd roared at the burlesque of "the noble sport." There was no death in the afternoon, but there were plenty of laughs.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, July 6. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

U.S. Steel Hour (Wed. 10 p.m., CBS). *The Meanest Man in the World*, starring Wally Cox and Josephine Hull, opens a new series.

Climax (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., CBS). *Wild Stallion*, adapted from William Faulkner's short story, *Knight's Gambit*, starring Paul Henreid, Mary Astor, Evelyn Keyes.

The Dunninger Show (Sat. 8:30 p.m., NBC). The mystifying mentalist mystifies.

Colgate Variety Hour (Sun. 8 p.m., NBC). With Gwen Verdon, John Raitt.

RADIO

Monitor (Sat. 8 a.m. to Sun. midnight, NBC). A marathon, catchall weekend show of music, drama, comedy, etc., etc.

World Music Festivals (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Sixten Ehrling conducts the Stockholm Royal Opera Orchestra in the second act of Wagner's *Die Walküre*.



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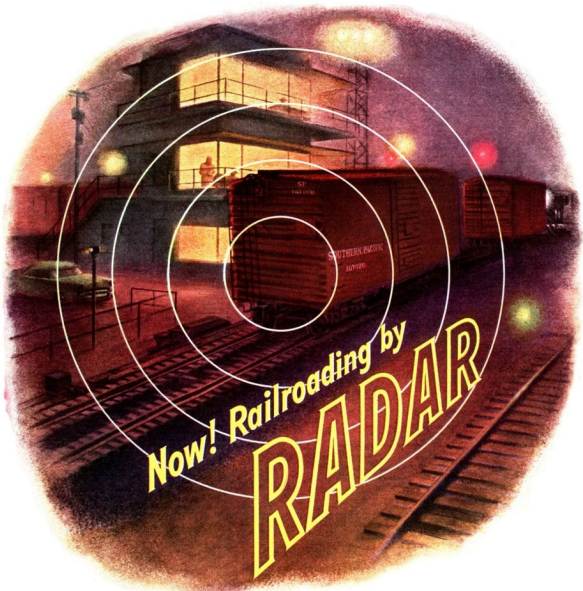
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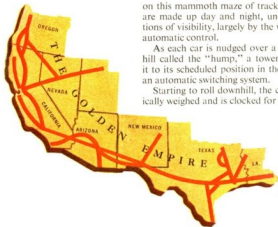
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SCIENCE

Diggers

The way for a nation to keep its memory bright, say archaeologists, is to write its records on durable material which will eventually be found. The Hittites of northeastern Asia Minor (2000-1200 B.C.) did the trick well. Their archives, written in cuneiform characters on baked clay bricks, were dug up in 1906. The records gave scholars the Hittite view of late Bronze Age politics. The Hittites, said the Hittites, were lords of all they surveyed.

As the scholars read more of the bricks, they found that the Hittite archives had not been thoroughly screened. In them

River. First find was archaeological peanuts: a Byzantine town about 2,000 years younger than Arzawa. Under the Byzantine ruins, the diggers uncovered a row of small houses that had been destroyed by fire. Mixed in the ruins were the telltale "champagne glasses." The first bit of Arzawa had come into the sunlight.

As the diggers extended their trenches across the mound, they found an enormous mass of burned limestone and brickwork. It turned out to be a palace, whose plan suggested in some ways the sophisticated civilization of Knossos on the island of Crete. The diggers speculated that when Knossos was destroyed by the Mycenians



ARZAWAN ARTIFACTS
The Times, London, World Copyright Reserved

In the pub, plenty of glasses and chuck-a-luck.

were records of campaigns not convincingly triumphant. There were even official letters from a powerful nation, Arzawa, which had matched the Hittites blow for blow. Except for these few clues, however, Arzawa vanished from history.

Champagne Glass Trail. Archaeologist Seton Lloyd, director of the British Institute of Archaeology in Ankara, tells in the *Scientific American* how British diggers uncovered Arzawa. First, Student James Mellaart reconnoitered southwestern Anatolia, looking for mounds, stones and bits of pottery. Some of the potsherds could be fitted together into graceful drinking vessels like champagne glasses. They led Mellaart, like bits of paper in a paper chase, to the centers of the long-forgotten culture, southeast of Istanbul.

A full-dress expedition followed and attacked a promising mound called Beycesultan on the headwaters of the Meander*

(Homeric Greeks) about 1400 B.C., a Cretan architect may have escaped and plied his trade among the Arzawans.

In any case, the Arzawans were no barbarians. At one entrance of the palace was a kind of bathroom, where visitors washed themselves before making their bows at court. One odd feature of the inner chambers: floors raised about a yard above the ground. Beneath the floors were small passages. They suggest air ducts of a heating system, but nothing of the sort is known to have existed until 1,000 years later.

Bronze-Age Bar. The palace was well looted when it was burned, but smaller structures built on its ruins were destroyed without looting. Most interesting was a row of little shops. One was a Bronze Age pub with sunken vats for the wine supply and a lavish supply of glasses for serving the customers. It also had knucklebones, a gambling game that did the duty of a modern bar's chuck-a-luck.

Only a fraction of the Arzawan ruins have been dug up so far, and archaeologists are eagerly awaiting the final

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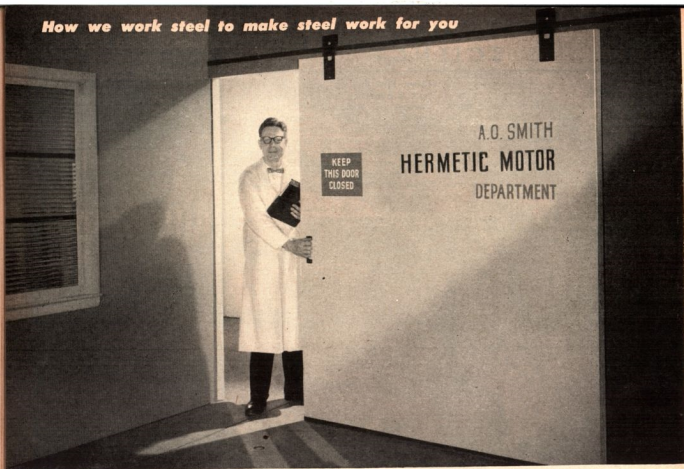
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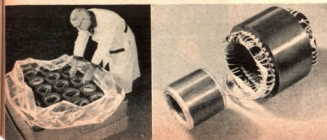


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results. The Arzawans could write (on clay bricks), and presumably they had archives. If archives are found, scholars may learn what the Arzawans thought about the loudmouthed Hittites, who defamed them in cuneiform 3,100 years ago.

In *Plateau*, published by the Museum of Northern Arizona, William C. Miller of Mount Wilson and Palomar Observatories reported a novel collaboration of astronomers and archaeologists. Miller's avocation is to look for Indian remains in Arizona, and he was immediately interested when a survey party from the Museum of Northern Arizona found two Indian rock drawings, each showing the crescent moon and near it a large round object. Crescents are rare in Indian drawings, and the round objects were hard to explain.

Miller discussed the drawings at his observatory, and visiting Cosmographer Fred Hoyle of Cambridge University, England had a bright idea. Maybe, suggested



INDIAN ROCK DRAWING
On the morning of July 5, 1054.

Hoyle, the large object in the drawings is the supernova* of A.D. 1054, the enormously brilliant "new" star that outshone all the other stars in the sky and was plainly visible in daytime. Europe was too backward in astronomy in 1054 to pay much scientific attention to the event, but Chinese and Japanese astronomers recorded it accurately. The supernova appeared over China on the morning of July 4, 1054, and its position was close to the bright star Zeta Tauri. The Indians of the U.S. southwest must have seen the supernova too, said Hoyle, and they may have recorded it in their rock inscription.

Right Answer. To check the theory, Miller got help from Astronomer Walter Baade of Mt. Wilson and Palomar, who computed the phase and position of the moon at the time when the supernova could first have been seen in Arizona. The answer came out right. The moon was a crescent, as drawn. In northern Arizona it would have risen shortly before dawn on July 5th, and the supernova would have been close to it. The sight must have been striking; the supernova was probably the brightest object, other than

* Massive stars that explode suddenly, turning most of their matter into a burst of radiation. In the Milky Way galaxy, they appear roughly once in 500 years.

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Miller's next step was to find out whether the sites could have been occupied by Indians in A.D. 1054. At one site (White Mesa) he found a few potsherds that probably date back 900 years. At the other site (Navaho Canyon), a deep cut in the canyon floor exposed a great number that are as old or older.

Properly cautious, Miller says: "The rather stringent conditions for a favorable answer seem to be met and strongly suggest the possibility that the two photographs actually depict . . . the supernova of A.D. 1054."

The Constant Bee

The bee, says Dr. Max Renner of the University of Munich, has a built-in time sense that ticks away, independent of all "environmental factors." To prove his point, Dr. Renner completed this week the first phase of an elaborate experiment in bee psychology.

More than 20 years ago, Dr. Karl von Frisch, topflight bee authority, thought of a way to test the bee's remarkable sense of time. He knew that if sugar water is offered to bees at a fixed hour, they will sally forth every day just in time to get it. They do not judge time by the sun, as was proved by putting the hive in an artificially lighted room, but there was a chance that some more subtle local influence might keep them on schedule.

Von Frisch decided that the way to eliminate all such influences, suspected and unsuspected, would be to train bees to feed at a definite hour and then move them quickly to a distant part of the earth. If they continued to feed by the local time of their old home, it would prove that they have a time-keeping mechanism as independent as a wrist watch.

The experiment was once difficult because ocean-going ships cannot move fast enough to carry bees a sufficient distance between daily feeding periods. Modern airliners can. This year Von Frisch's associates, Dr. Max Renner and Dr. Werner Lohr, prepared for the great experiment. With the help of Dr. Theodore C. Schneirla of New York's American Museum of Natural History (Dr. Schneirla is an ant man, but he doubles in bees), they built two identical sunless bee-testing rooms: one in Paris, one in New York. Then they trained a hive of bees in Paris to feed from 8:15 to 10:15 p.m. Paris time.

The bees were put in a closed hive, loaded on a T.W.A. airliner and flown to New York. They completed their trans-ocean journey between feeding periods and were placed in the room that Dr. Schneirla had prepared for them.

Suspensefully, the scientists watched the hive. If the bees waited until 8:15 p.m., New York time, before feeding, it would mean that their time sense is controlled by something connected with their position on the earth. The bees did not wait. At 3:15 New York time, 8:15 Paris time, they swarmed out for their sugar water. This proved that their time sense is independent.

Now Dr. Renner has retrained his bees

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to follow a new feeding schedule on New York time. This week he flew them home to see if they take their U.S. mealtime back to Paris.

Missed Swiss

Dr. Fritz Zwicky of Caltech, astronomer, physicist and inventor, is one of the world's leading experts on jet propulsion. Early in World War II, he left astronomy and joined a group of scientists who founded Aerojet-General Corp. of Azusa, Calif. Zwicky became research director, and under his leadership Aerojet developed JATO (Jet Assisted Take-Off) for rocket blasting heavy-laden bombers into the air. After the war, Zwicky picked the brains of German rocket experts and did outstanding work on rockets, missiles, torpedoes and submarines. In 1949 he resigned as research director of Aerojet,



Murray Garrett—Graphic House
CALTECH'S ZWICKY
Too many classes.

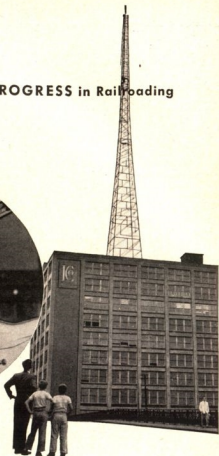
but stayed on as leading member of its all-important technical advisory board.

Though he started teaching at Caltech in 1927, Dr. Zwicky is a citizen of Switzerland, and he refuses to take out U.S. naturalization papers. Naturalized citizens of the U.S., he insists, are second-class citizens, subject to special rules, e.g., their citizenship can be taken away for various reasons, such as staying out of the country for more than two years. "I would apply for American citizenship tomorrow," says Zwicky, "if you did not have two classes of citizens. If I am more free as a Swiss, I stay Swiss."

Last week Zwicky found himself in a curious situation. Acting under Paragraph 2-203 of the Armed Forces Industrial Security Regulations, which refuses clearance to aliens who have not applied for naturalization, the Department of Defense lifted his clearance. Zwicky, his head packed with vital secrets, could have no further contact with the classified projects that he has been supervising.



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Tall tower

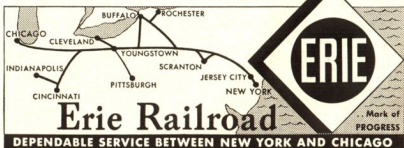
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MEDICINE

The First Deep Breath

The ten-year-old boy who shuffled into Los Angeles' Orthopaedic Hospital one morning last week, clutching his mother's hand, had a bad case of jitters. The unfamiliar setting made Jimmy shake all over. So did his mother's gentle "Come along" when the nurse summoned them. So did his attempts to talk. He was a victim of the athetoid type of cerebral palsy, marked by almost continual jerky movements that are worsened whenever the victim tries to execute the simplest task. (In the spastic type, equally common, any effort results in slow, jerky movements.)

Dr. Robert Harrington gently strapped Jimmy into the harness of a gadget called

"how much can you say on half a breath?" Bad speech makes patients nervous and self-conscious, so they avoid social contacts, slip into a vicious circle of embarrassment and withdrawal.

Jimmy spent an hour in the respirator. As soon as he got out his breathing fell off, inevitably, but not all the way to its original and inefficient nonrhythmic pattern. He was due for two more lessons this week. After three to six months, deeper and more regular breathing will be as natural to Jimmy as if he had been born to it. Then Jimmy will be able to speak better, to carry out more physical actions, and thus do more for himself instead of being constantly dependent on his mother. Other patients trained by Dr. Harrington have shown improvement



Bill Early

U.C.L.A. CLASS FOR PRESCHOOL VICTIMS OF CEREBRAL PALSY
Talking breaks the vicious circle.

the pneumograph. When he switched it on, Jimmy's breathing pattern showed up as two wildly irregular lines on the moving chart. Then Dr. Harrington fitted Jimmy into a chest respirator (which he is experimenting with as a substitute for the iron lung) and a positive-pressure breathing apparatus, both of which, working together, made Jimmy's breathing deeper and more regular.

Road to Withdrawal. At first glance there would seem to be little connection between cerebral palsy, which results from damage to the movement-control centers of the brain, and deep breathing. However, Speech Therapist Harrington (no M.D. but a Ph.D. from the State University of Iowa) noted the distress that besets so many C.P. victims when they try to talk. It comes, he reasoned, from the fact that breathing control is one of the motor centers most often and severely affected. This has an especially bad effect on speech. "After all," asks Harrington,

also in mental alertness and eating habits; this may be partly an incidental effect of reduced nervousness, partly an independent effect from improved metabolism.

Converted Stable. So far, Dr. Harrington has treated 15 children and is confident that better breathing has bettered them all around. But the numbers of U.S. cerebral palsy victims are estimated as high as 750,000; at least 550,000 afflicted from birth, the rest stricken in later life as a result of wounds or infections affecting the brain. For the 15,000 in Los Angeles there are more and better-planned facilities than in most communities, largely coordinated from the office of the United Cerebral Palsy Association's center. Orthopaedic Hospital's C.P. unit is set up in a converted stable. In more conventional settings are units at White Memorial and Childrens Hospitals.

These forces maintain three main lines of attack on the problem: 1) to provide

day care for patients, no matter what their plight, so that a mother will not be enslaved by the C.P. victim and can give due attention to other members of the family; 2) psychological counseling; and 3) training of every kind to help the patients become more self-sufficient. This last begins in a pre-school nursery class at the University of California at Los Angeles before the patient is three years old. (Dr. Harrington is ready to start respirator training for such toddlers.) It extends to vocational units, where adults manufacture small aircraft parts or package fountain pens under commercial contract.

The Lung Cancer Epidemic

Among men in every one of 15 countries that keep the best medical records, the death rate from cancer of the lung increased relentlessly in the four years ending with 1952 (the last for which full figures are available), reported the World Health Organization.

The 15 countries, with 1952 death rates per 100,000 from lung cancer for men, and the percentage increase since 1949:

- ♣ England and Wales, 61.4, up 31%
- ♣ Denmark, 24.8, up 49%
- ♣ Scotland, 56.3, up 36%
- ♣ Finland, 38.7, up 30%
- ♣ France, 28.2, up 30%
- ♣ Ireland, 22.2, up 47%
- ♣ Italy, 16.4, up 45%
- ♣ Norway, 11.9, up 32%
- ♣ Netherlands, 30.3, up 24%
- ♣ Switzerland, 33.5, up 28%
- ♣ Canada, 19, up 16%
- ♣ Japan, 4.9, up 68%
- ♣ Australia, 20.8, up 25%
- ♣ New Zealand, 31.5, up 46%
- ♣ United States, 26.1, up 21%

Among women, there were fractional bobbles in the rates from 1949 to 1952, and the overall rates for cancer of the lung (including trachea and bronchi) were markedly lower than in men. But generally the rate of respiratory cancer among women also trended upward.

Spanish-born Dr. Marcelino Pascua, WHO's top statistician, had hoped that his report would point a statistical reason for the increase. Other authorities would have been glad to see the question of cancer and cigarette smoking raised to the level of an international debate. But in all Dr. Pascua's mountains of statistics there simply were not enough facts to prove anything positive, because various countries have such widely differing standards of diagnosis and reporting.

The best he could do was to conclude that the increase in lung cancer must be real, and not merely the result of better diagnosis, because, for instance, there is no reason why doctors should diagnose it better in men than in women. And because cancer in other parts of the chest cavity shows a negligible rise in men of the age group now most susceptible to lung cancer, Dr. Pascua concludes that the greater number of aging men cannot be much of a factor. On one point nobody

could argue: the increase in lung-cancer deaths was heavily concentrated in the 45-plus age group.

Because there are (and have been for many years) great differences in smoking practices among the several countries, researchers have a hard time relating Dr. Pascua's figures directly to the cigarette habit. Item: the U.S., with many of the heaviest cigarette smokers, had the eighth highest attack rate but the second lowest rate of increase. (Possible reason: the U.S. may have passed its period of sharpest increase before the 1948-52 period.) Says Copenhagen's Dr. Johannes Clemmesen, noting that Denmark's four-year increase in lung cancer among males was 49%: "The higher a country's cigarette consumption was 20 years ago, the higher is the lung cancer mortality now. These 20 years seem necessary."

Some scientists in the U.S. and Britain suspect other causes in addition to cigarette smoking, e.g., diesel oil combustion fumes, auto exhaust gases, industrial pollution of the atmosphere. But those who lay the blame on cigarettes have established an imposing presumptive case. The WHO statistics do nothing either to strengthen or weaken it. What they do prove is that the world has a new and rising epidemic on its hands.

Indian Health

Through most of his history, the American Indian has enjoyed health as good as his white cousin's, and in some ways, better. But in the last century the Indian has suffered grievously: some 350,000, of a total Indian population of 400,000, live on barren reservations in grinding poverty, existing from hand to mouth in crowded, filthy huts with animals and vermin. The scourges that the white man has been most successful in suppressing are especially deadly for the Indian, e.g., diphtheria, tuberculosis, dysentery. Any Indian born today on a reservation has a life expectancy of only 36 years against a neighboring white child's 61. Half the deaths (and nearly all the premature deaths) among Indians are from diseases that the white man's medicines can prevent or cure.

Last week the Federal Government reshuffled its table of organization in an attempt to do something about the plight of the Indians. It transferred responsibility for their health from the Bureau of Indian Affairs, in the Department of the Interior, to the U.S. Public Health Service, in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. This might well be stronger medicine than it looks. The main trouble with the old setup was that doctors and nurses were hard to get for the Indians' 56 scattered hospitals and 21 health centers. With rare exceptions the buildings were old and ramshackle, and some were worse. Only the most exceptionally dedicated young doctor, fresh from interning, would sign up with Indian Affairs for a lifetime of tepee treatment.

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In these words, President J. D. Zellerbach opens our current Annual Report. If you would like a copy of the Report, please address Department T-7.

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SAN FRANCISCO 19

PAPER AND PAPER PRODUCTS SINCE 1870

CROWN ZELLERBACH

is a uniformed service, membership makes the doctors draftproof. There will be no drastic reshuffling of personnel. The bureau's medical service had been going downhill so long that half its doctors were PHS men on loan; the other half now simply don PHS uniforms. But from the PHS manpower pool will come an immediate increase of 50% in doctors assigned, making a total of 200.

That will still be only half the doctor-patient ratio among whites. But in the long run, perhaps, not so many doctors will be needed: when Indians live long enough to show their stamina, they seem to have proportionately fewer cases of cancer and diabetes than whites.

Capsules

¶ Paralytic polio can be readily confirmed and even the puzzling cases of nonparalytic polio can be diagnosed with a high degree of accuracy by new tissue-culture techniques, the A.M.A. *Journal* reported. Dr. Mary Godenne and John T. Riordan worked out the method at Yale University. It can be adopted by any big hospital laboratory with facilities for handling viruses, should go a long way to remove uncertainties in diagnosing, reporting and treating polio.

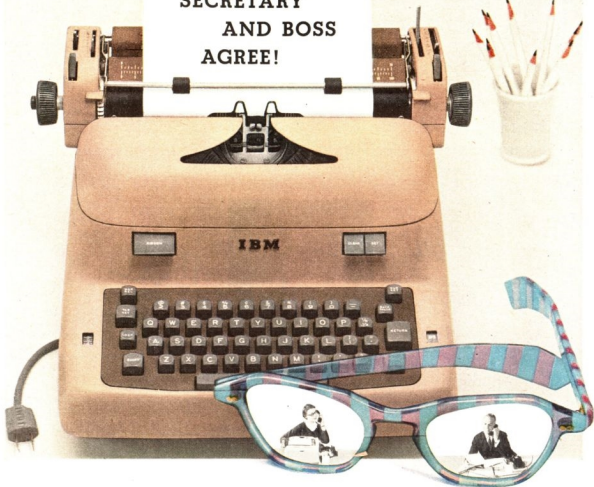
¶ Poliomyelitis viruses for vaccine production can be grown in human afterbirth, which may replace monkey kidneys as the basis of production-line tissue cultures, suggested three University of California researchers. Cells from the inner layer (amnion) of the placenta grow at about the same rate as monkey kidney cells and in the same chemical food baths, reported Elsa M. Zitcer and colleagues. Advantages: less danger of sensitization, and freer supply of placentas, since India is sensitive about continued export of the revered monkeys.

¶ Aspirin is a severe stomach irritant in some patients, especially those who already have ulcers of the stomach or duodenum, two researchers in Scotland reported in the *British Medical Journal*. Ulcers or no, aspirin was found partly responsible for a high proportion of cases of vomiting blood.

¶ Psychiatrists have already noted that chlorpromazine and reserpine, widely used separately for mental illnesses (*TIME*, March 7), are more potent when taken together than when used alone. Now Dr. Harold B. Eiber of New York Medical College has combined them for treatment of high blood pressure, reports that his patients have obtained substantial relief in 60% to 85% of cases, depending on severity.

¶ A surprisingly high proportion of women can blame infertility on a simple cause, said Milwaukee's Dr. John Dale Owen: they suffer from malnutrition—not eating the right foods, even if they eat enough. A balanced diet including vitamins, minerals and protein eventually helps many women to conceive, presumably by restoring the body's hormone balance so that the master pituitary gland will send the needed stimulus to the reproductive system.

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SPORT

Road to the Pros

When he got out of the Navy in the summer of 1953, Cincinnati's Tony Trabert was just one more crew-cut amateur tennis player. Two months later, his big serve and sharp volleys were unbeatable, and at Forest Hills he won the U.S. Singles championship in a breeze. Tony immediately began to toy with a couple of big ideas: now, maybe, he could afford to get married; now, if he could go on to add a Wimbledon title to his U.S. championship, he would be eligible for one of those fat pro contracts.

Only half his plan worked out; Tony got married. That winter he almost brought the Davis Cup home but Australia finally cinched it. Then his game fell apart. In one tournament after another, Tony took embarrassing lickings. He managed to win the French Singles championship in May, but at Wimbledon he lost to Aussie Ken Rosewall in the semifinals.

Proper Pitch. This winter Tony got back in form when he and Vic Seixas teamed up to take the Davis Cup. Only twice after that, as he played the international amateur-tennis circuit, did Tony relax and lose. When he reached Paris last month to defend his French title, he was at his peak. He won easily.

Last week Tony stood once more on the center court of the All England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club, tuned up at last to the proper pitch for the Wimbledon championship. He had wasted no time getting to the final round, blasting his way past such dangerous competitors as last year's champ, Czechoslovakia's aging (33) Expatriate Jaroslav Drobný, and the U.S.'s Parisian Playboy Budge Patty. Across the net stood Denmark's Kurt Nielsen, an unseeded surprise who had knocked over



WIMBLEDON WINNER TRABERT
There are only two ways to hit.

BASEBALL'S BIG TEN

The leaders in the major leagues at midseason:

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Team: Brooklyn (by 11½ games)
Pitcher: Newcombe, Brooklyn (13-1)
Batter: Ashburn, Philadelphia (.352)
Runs Batted In: Snider, Brooklyn (78)
Home Runs: Kluszewski, Cinn. (26)

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Team: New York (by 6½ games)
Pitcher: Wynn, Cleveland (11-2)
Batter: Kaline, Detroit (.376)
Runs Batted In: Kaline, Detroit (61)
Home Runs: Mantle, New York (18)

Ken Rosewall and Italy's Nicolo Pietrangeli to get to the finals.

Wide Kick. Once before, in 1953, Nielsen had got that far. On the way his temperamental outbursts had annoyed the proper English crowd. Now all was forgiven. In Wimbledon's crammed stadium (17,000 spectators) the crowd, always partial to the underdog, made the Dane a solid favorite.

Tony was too busy playing tennis to be bothered. His big game showed no weakness at all. His spinning serve kicked wide and pulled Nielsen out of position. His backhands ripped down the court. His lobs floated unerringly toward the baseline. Nielsen never had a chance; his booming serve was his only weapon and it was not enough. He ran himself ragged, and when the close calls went against him he had little energy left for complaint. The best he could muster were a few defiant glares (called "old-fashioned looks" in Britain) at the linesmen.

"There are two sides of the court you can hit to," said Tony later. "You hit to one or the other." This, he insisted, was his only strategy. It worked so well that he won 6-3, 7-5, 6-1. Not since the U.S.'s redheaded Don Budge turned the trick in 1938 had any man run out the Wimbledon championship without losing a set. Now, if he can win back his U.S. title, Tony is a cinch for a crack at the pros.

To complete an American sweep of the Wimbledon Singles titles, California's Louise Brough needed every trick in the book to outlast California's Beverly Baker Flieitz 7-5, 8-6. A Wimbledon winner in 1948, '49, and '50, Tennis Stylist Brough is now halfway to Helen Wills Moody Roark's Wimbledon record of eight championships.

Red Blisters

To Londoners, the dock strike was a nagging labor problem. To the visiting Russian rowers, it was a singular embarrassment. They could hardly disapprove of such a proletarian maneuver, but there



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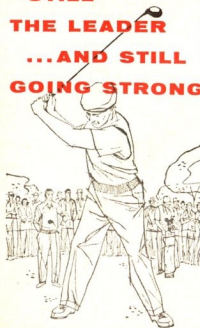
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PENN (BACKGROUND) BEATING VANCOUVER AT THE HENLEY REGATTA
The Russians were caught in an old shell game.

Associated Press

they stood on the shore with their sweeps in their hands, and there were their shells on the deck of the strikebound Soviet freighter *Strelna*. The regatta at Henley, where they had swept the river only the year before, was only a week away. How could they practice? They were up the Thames, as it were, with a useless set of paddles.

Soon everybody got into the act—union officials, the Soviet Embassy, Old Blues who had long since switched from crew racing to the Foreign Office—and soon the Russians had their shells. Meanwhile, they practiced in borrowed boats, and they did not like it. Balancing was difficult in the narrower British craft; the slides were shorter. Their buttocks were getting blistered, the Russians complained.

Better Conditioned. For all their troubles, the Krasnoe Znamia crew, Russia's heavyweight eight, did well enough in the first heats of the race for the Grand Challenge Cup. In their borrowed shell, they came home half a length ahead of Jesus College, Cambridge. Next they raced the Vancouver Rowing Club (the University of British Columbia's varsity eight). The Canadians, too, had been delayed by the strike. Moreover, half their crew had come down with nasty skin infections. This was their first race of the regatta.

To everyone's surprise, the Russians found themselves up against a better-conditioned crew. The Canadians not only were sharper at maneuvering on the wind-chopped Thames, but they had more strength left for a last-minute sprint. The Red rowers finished $1\frac{1}{2}$ lengths behind.

Better Form. Whatever happened next, unheralded Vancouver had won a moral victory. The Canadians could hardly have expected to keep up their winning ways when they took on the University of Pennsylvania's crack eight in the finals. Still, they managed to make a race of it. The Quakers had to put all their power

into a last-stretch sprint to finish a third of a length in front.

Although they obviously were chagrined to lose that 116-year-old Grand Challenge Cup, the Russians remembered their political protocol—even when they made their last-minute explanations. "Our boats—we think they came too late," said Manager Vladimir Muchenko. "No, not too late, but late enough. But we would not blame the strikers, only the situation."

Scoreboard

¶ Jimmy Carter, lackadaisical lightweight champion of the world, had already won his title three times and lost it twice. In the Boston Garden, Wallace ("Bud") Smith, a stubborn, long-range stylist from Cincinnati, was out to make him lose it again. By the 15th round, both boxers were hot, but Carter had taken too long to get started. The decision went to Smith.

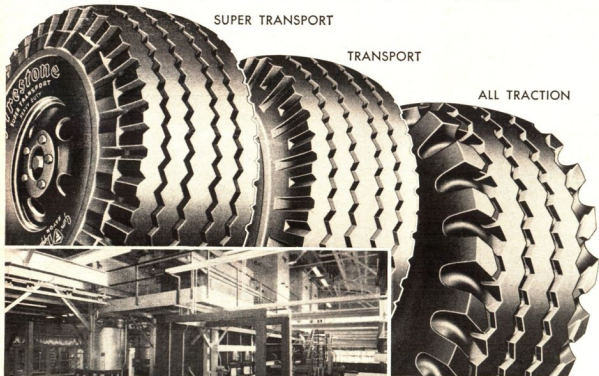
¶ After an astonishing series of fractured fingers, assorted bruises and an injured nerve in his right hand, the Brooklyn Dodgers' Roy Campanella came down with a new catcher's complaint: spurs on the kneecap. One of the bony growths broke off, caused enough pain to force Campanella out of the line-up. There was every indication, though, that Brooklyn's hard-hitting (.335) backstop will be back in uniform long before his teammates have time to blow their 114-game midseason National League lead.

¶ Neither Midwestern heat nor blustery Kansas winds on the Wichita Country Club course could throw Uruguay's Fay Crocker off her game long enough to let any other competitor get within reach of the U.S. Women's National Open golf championship. Second and third behind the steady Uruguayan's 299 came Mary Lena Faulk and Louise Suggs, both with 303. Only former Champion Patty Berg fired a single sub-par round, but she still finished fourth with 307.

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Bull Market

The international art world is feeding a bull market of its own, led by the French impressionists and easy-to-take early works by Picasso, Matisse, Dufy and Chagall. The boom got under way soon after World War II, but the event that proved the market's strength, art dealers now agree, was the sale of Department Store Tycoon Gabriel Cognacq's collection on May 14, 1952. Before the day was over the auctioneer had heard closing bids totaling 305 million francs (\$871,428), a postwar record. In last month's Paris auctions, the steadily rising market raised a question: it was not how sound is the boom, but how high will it go?

At Galerie Charpentier, a mediocre Monet brought more than \$4,000; so did a

Renoir portrait which was more oddity than masterpiece (it was painted on a ten-inch circular stone slab). A Rouault landscape was knocked down for \$5,700, an early Montmartre view by Utrillo went for \$5,300, a *Still Life with Flowers* by Pierre Bonnard was quickly bid up from \$5,700 to \$14,000. Even a small Chagall gouache went for \$1,720.

Demand is brisk for French 18th century paintings and old Italian masters, as well as moderns. But the dealers think early *fauve* and impressionist paintings are today's price leaders for a simple reason: both periods were of relatively brief duration. Said one Paris art dealer: "We have more than a hundred collectors waiting, willing to pay between \$45,000 and \$85,000 for a first-class impressionist or *fauve* painting."

Enthusiasm for impressionist paintings goes far beyond the auction rooms. French Critic François Mauriac puts it down to a nostalgic longing for times past. But the curator of Paris' Musée de l'Orangerie, where the recent U.S. loan show of French 19th century painting pulled 2,000 to 2,500 visitors daily, thinks the reason is even simpler: "People like to see pictures they understand."

Grass Moon Master

At 6:30 one morning last week a short, gnome-like figure dressed in a cream-colored coat, grey flannels and sneakers darted through the dew-drenched shrubbery of Paris' Bois de Boulogne. He paused to stare reflectively at a lush hydrangea bush, then hurried on to pick up a dead limb, a handful of dead leaves and a piece

THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE

THE most popular painter in the world today, judging by gallerygoers' reactions and reproduction sales, is the sensual impressionist, Pierre Auguste Renoir. Leonardo commands greater awe, but awe is a long way from affection: at the Louvre it is not the tourists but the Mona Lisa who smiles. Van Gogh had more passion, and for a time his popularity surpassed even Renoir's, but Van Gogh's best pictures are explosive compounds of joy and sorrow, more calculated to disturb than to please. Never a shadow of sorrow crosses Renoir's canvases; he painted simple, earthly pleasures in simple, earthy terms. "A painter who has the feel for breasts and buttocks," he once declared, "is saved."

Next week in Los Angeles, a modern mecca of breast and buttock fanciers, the County Museum is staging one of the biggest Renoir retrospectives ever held. On show will be top-flight canvases from Renoir's best working years, from 1865 until his death in 1919. Curator Richard Brown has also rounded up a nearly complete set of Renoir's prints, many of his finest drawings, and 13 sculptures.

Red as a Bell. The sculptures and graphic works prove that Renoir's feeling for the human form was as careful as it was appreciative. He never stopped making strictly accurate figure studies, for study purposes, and never looked for shortcuts. At art school he was, in his own words, "very attentive, very docile." At 40, he called himself "still in the blotting stage." In old age, he described his working method in typically unassuming terms: "I arrange my subject as I want it, then I go ahead and paint it, like a child. I want a red to be sonorous, to sound like a bell; if it doesn't turn out that way, I add more reds and other colors until I get it. I am no cleverer than that."

The reds in Renoir's portrait of Mme. Henriot (*opposite*) are sonorous indeed, make a rich foil for her pale flesh and paler costume. He used to say that all he asked of a model was "a skin that takes the light," but the portrait shows that Renoir could rise to and convey beauties of personality as well as those of flesh alone. His bronze study of Mme. Renoir nursing their son (*right*) goes beyond flesh and personality alike to celebrate an ever-recurring and ever-moving relationship.

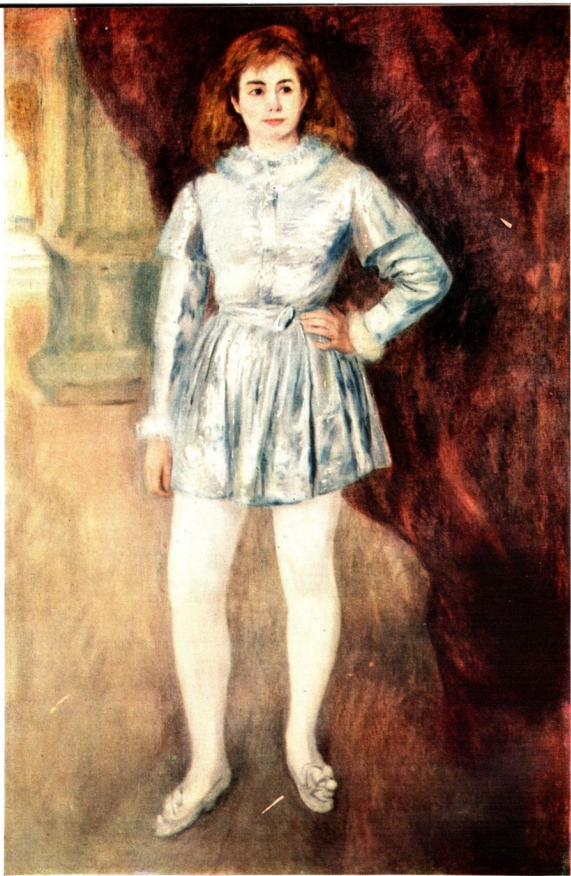
Refreshment for the Eye. A tailor's son, Renoir went to work at 14, painting teacups. Chances are he even enjoyed that, as he certainly enjoyed the rest of his increasingly successful career. Long before he died, some of his canvases were selling at five-figure prices. He painted about 4,000, of which half are now in U.S. collections. Every one has to do with the

good things of life, particularly the loveliness of women, children and flowers. They are the work of a simple man with extraordinary command of his craft, who aimed to please and hit the bull's eye. All this does not make him a "master," for the true masters of art have been those who inspired mankind. Renoir's mission was more that of a chef who served up delicious refreshments for the eyes. Only the harshest of puritans could carp at such a benefactor, or regret his popularity.



RENOIR'S BRONZE "MOTHER AND CHILD"

Lynne Ailyn Museum



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of old oak bark. To startled park gardeners an official explained: "That gentleman is a famous Japanese flower arranger, Monsieur Sofu."

By afternoon the results of visiting Flower Arranger Sofu's harvest were ready for display in Paris' Bagatelle chateau. Withered leaves on a dead branch suspended from the ceiling had become a mobile titled *Dance of the Dying Leaves*; tiger lilies, hydrangeas and irises blended into a scarlet-and-gold *Japanese Landscape*; a moss-covered oak branch was part of a tableau, *On the Edge of the Lake*.

Picasso of Flowers. Such works have made Sofu Teshigahara, 54, "the Picasso of flowers" in his native Japan. Sofu has broken all the rules of the centuries-old flower-arranging art known as *ikebana*. His innovations leave Japanese critics torn between a fear that *ikebana* is getting its death blow and admiration for a technique

approach the Grass Moon School, often dispensed with such traditional props as water vases and bamboo tubes, using instead a tiny flower or bud stuck in an empty lipstick container, the cap off a toothpaste tube or an empty perfume bottle. Sofu even went so far as to dye flowers, incorporate red bird feathers, use dried grass, withered leaves and dead flowers. A current popular Sofu arrangement: a dead lotus pod with a purple delphinium.

For 6,000 Wives. Sofu's revolution was just beginning to win converts when World War II put an end to such civilized luxuries as flower exhibitions. Sofu kept on practicing his art in private; then the B-29s which knocked out Tokyo demolished the Grass Moon School building. Sofu's postwar comeback owed much to Mrs. Douglas MacArthur, who, Sofu says, "had a good basic understanding of the



FLOWER ARRANGER SOFU AT WORK (WITH DAUGHTER KASEMI)
Classic madrigals to a boogie-woogie beat.

Jon Miki

which, commented a leading Japanese art critic, "boggles the eyes and stuns the senses."

The son of a famous flower arranger known professionally as Wafu (Gentle Breeze), young Teshigahara was arranging flowers at four, at 14 often replaced his father in classes, as a teen-ager plowed through the Chinese classics. But at 26, Teshigahara, who had chosen as his *ikebana* name Sofu (Cool Green Breeze), decided to strike out on his own. What Sofu did was as shocking to the classicists as pounding out madrigals to a boogie-woogie beat. The central canon of *ikebana* for centuries has been *Ten-Chi-Hin* (Heaven-Earth-Man), where heaven is symbolized by the tall central flower, man by a medium branch placed at the side, and earth by the shortest branch, placed before the heaven branch. From this came the *rikka* (standing) and the *nage-ire* (thrown in) styles.

Young Sofu began by calling his new

nature of Japanese flower arrangement." Some 6,000 U.S. occupation-force wives took up Sofu's style; about 400 of them earned the Grass Moon certificate, are qualified to teach the art in Hawaii and the U.S.

Today Sofu's books on flower arranging sell as fast as they come off the presses. A Sofu exhibit at Tokyo's Takashimaya department store earlier this year sold 35,000 admission tickets in advance. With some half-million followers in Japan making up Japan's second largest flower arranging school,* Sofu now thinks he can afford to ignore the criticism of traditionalists who grumble that "Sofu has taken the soul out of *ikebana*." In reply Sofu simply quotes his own Grass Moon motto: "Always look forward to a fresh and vivid world and do not become buried in retrospection."

* Largest: the *Ikenobo* (Priest's Pond) school, founded in 1525 A.D., with 4,000,000 followers.

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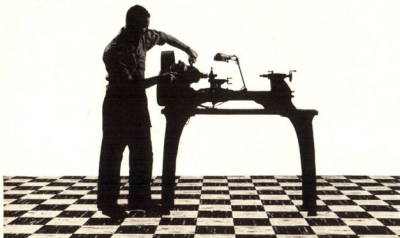
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MILESTONES

Died. Harry Agganis, 25, Boston Red Sox first baseman and former Boston University football and baseball star; of a massive pulmonary embolism; in Cambridge, Mass.

Died. Isabel Bonner, 47, stage, television and radio actress (*Uncle Harry*, *Omnibus*, *The Right to Happiness*), wife of Playwright Joseph Kramm (*The Shrike*), 1952 Pulitzer Prizewinner; of cerebral hemorrhage; on the stage of Hollywood's Carthay Circle Theater during the first act of a performance of *The Shrike*, in which she was playing the title role.

Died. Alexandrovich Gamburtsev, 52, leading Russian seismologist, director of the Geophysical Institute of the Soviet Academy of Sciences; in Moscow.

Died. Rudolf Appelt, 54, East German Ambassador to Moscow, onetime vice president of the Foreign and International Trade Committee of the East German Economic Commission; in Berlin.

Died. Dr. Edgar Grim Miller Jr., 62, dean of graduate faculties of Columbia University and renowned research biochemist; of cancer; in Manhattan.

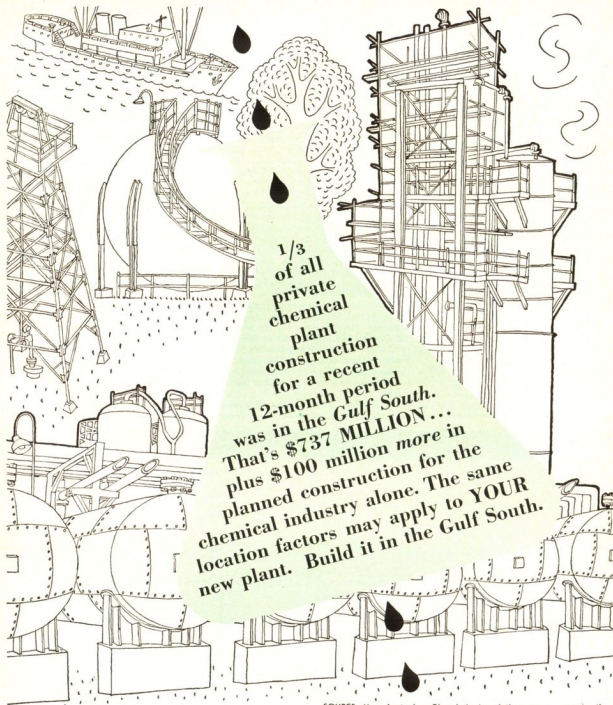
Died. Brigadier General Walter N. Hill, 73, wartime head of the Marine Corps Naval Examining Board, Medal of Honor winner in the Vera Cruz campaign in Mexico in 1914; in St. Albans Naval Hospital, New York City.

Died. Max Pechstein, 73, leading German expressionist painter, lecturer at the Berlin Academy of Plastic Arts; in Berlin. A leader of pre-World War I German impressionists, Pechstein built an international reputation in the 1920s, was denounced as "decadent" by the Nazis, saw most of his canvases destroyed during the war, returned to Berlin afterward to repaint many of his early works from memory (TIME, Jan. 21, 1952).

Died. Ernst Legal, 74, veteran German actor, theater manager and director, post-World War II manager of the State Opera in East Berlin; in Berlin. Invited by East Berlin's Communist regime to manage the State Opera, Legal rebuilt it into one of Europe's important cultural showcases, resigned in 1952 in protest against the firing of 250 opera employees living in West Berlin.

Died. Stanley H. Jevons, 79, noted British social scientist and expert on Indian economic affairs, British adviser to the Ethiopian embassy; in London.

Died. Jan van den Tempel, 88, Dutch statesman and novelist (*Jacqueline Vrijhoff*), first Dutch Socialist Cabinet Minister (Department of Social Affairs, 1939-45); in Amsterdam.



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TIME, JULY 11, 1955

BUSINESS

CORPORATIONS

The Baron of Beer

[See Cover]

At the turn of the century, the most famous painting in the U.S. was *Custer's Last Fight*, a huge canvas across which hordes of infuriated redskins hurled themselves at General George A. Custer and the last of his 7th Cavalry at Little Big Horn. The man who made the picture famous was a St. Louis brewer named Adolphus Busch,^a co-founder of Anheuser-Busch and inventor of Budweiser beer. Reproduced on outdoor posters and hung in countless saloons, *Custer's Last Fight* became an amazingly successful advertisement. The company filled 1,000,000 requests for copies in 50 years, while Budweiser sales rose steadily.

Nothing could be more appropriate to the \$2.5 billion U.S. brewing industry today than *Custer's Last Fight*. Never has there been such whooping, shooting and scalping. Reason: at a time when nearly everything else in the U.S. economy is bubbling and foaming up, beer sales are going down. Thus, every U.S. brewer, from

^a Busch bought the Cassily Adams painting for \$35,000, and turned it over to a lithographer to reproduce. The lithographer redrew most of it, adding dozens of new figures and buckets of gore (i.e., three dying soldiers being scalped) to what was once a fairly restrained, stilted scene.

the Big Three national giants—Anheuser-Busch, Schlitz, Pabst—on down to the smallest local brewery is on the warpath, each trying to scalp the others in the fight for sales. At the top of the heap, and battling to stay in the No. 1 spot, is Anheuser-Busch's President August Anheuser Busch Jr., grandson of Co-Founder Adolphus. Like his grandfather, "Gussie" Busch is a salesman with a flair for advertising and promotion, combining dawn-to-dusk energy with dusk-to-dawn good fellowship. Says Busch: "This is the year that we are going to separate the men from the boys in the brewing industry."

George Washington Brewed Here. To beer drinkers and nondrinkers alike, the drop in beer sales is surprising. Ever since the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, with "our victuals much spent, especially our beer," beer has been one of the staples of U.S. life. Revolutionary War soldiers got a daily ration; George Washington had his own small home brewery at Mount Vernon. To the sun-baked fisherman, the lawn-mowing suburbanite, the baseball fan, beer has always been the symbol of inexpensive relaxation. This week, as July ushered in the height of the beer-drinking season, Americans were pouring upwards of 100 million bottles a day.

Nevertheless, in 1954 the U.S. consumed but 83 million bbls.—4,000,000

bbls. less than the alltime peak in 1947. In terms of per capita consumption, the dip is even sharper; beer sales last year were down almost 15% from the wartime high of 18.7 gals. per person. And beer is not the only beverage industry hit: hard liquor sales have slumped nearly 30% from the postwar high, to 1.18 gals. per capita. And sales of soft drinks are also down.

Cars & Calories. No one knows why. Some brewers say that they themselves have brought on the slump in beer by preaching moderation. Others feel that it is the natural result of changes in U.S. living habits. Once, the saloon was the workingman's club, where he put away large quantities of the poor man's drink. But now, with more people making more money than ever in history, the workingman is much less inclined to idle over a glass of suds. He has too many other things to occupy his leisure hours: auto trips, sports, do-it-yourself hobbies, home improvement. Moreover, motorists are increasingly conscious of the danger in drunken driving. Other reasons for the decline in beer drinking: reducing diets, the fad for low-calorie soft drinks, rising beverage taxes, which have helped to make the poor man's drink expensive.

Whatever the reason, U.S. brewers are trying every trick of the trade to boost their lagging sales. To keep ahead of the pack, Anheuser-Busch's President Gussie





THE BUSCHES* CELEBRATING REPEAL
To stay at the top, energy from dawn to dusk and good fellowship from dusk to dawn.

Busch has taken over the sales job personally, is kicking off a record \$14 million advertising campaign to plug his beer; to tempt the TV-watching home market he has brought out new four-fifths-of-a-quart bottles, plus 16-oz., 10-oz. and tiny 7-oz. "ladies' size" bottles. As a running mate for premium Budweiser, the company has developed a brand-new, cheaper (5¢ to 10¢ a bottle) beer called Busch Lager, is now test-marketing it in St. Louis and Texas in the hope of taking sales away from competing nonpremium local beers.

Milwaukee's Schlitz, which once loaded its beer with vitamin D, is spending millions on TV advertising, has brought out 16-oz. cans to tempt the home market, and a new, specially treated paper cup to make beer taste better at ball games. Milwaukee's Pabst also has half-quart sizes, is pushing an "Ice-Pak" beer cooler for the summer trade and a new "four-pak" carton, has even set up a special "gustametric" laboratory to test beer flavor on a scientific basis by charting the tastes of a dozen beer drinkers. Together, Pabst and Schlitz have spent \$35 million for new West Coast breweries to match the \$25 million plant Anheuser-Busch opened last year in Los Angeles. Throughout the industry, every brewery is scrambling to fortify its market against the national giants. No one dares relax.

"Love Your Work." August Anheuser Busch Jr., fourth in a 90-year family line to head the brewery, does not fear this competition; he thrives on it. Trim (5 ft. 10 in., 164 lbs.), greying, hard as an oaken keg at 56, Gussie* Busch operates on a simple formula: "Work hard—love your work." Whether at his baronial suburban

home or his main brewery sprawling alongside the Mississippi River in South St. Louis, he spends most of his waking hours selling beer. He rarely talks in a normal voice; he sounds more like a hoarse lion. On his way to appointments, he lopes in a half-walk, half-trot, arms pumping like a sprinter, while he bellows orders to an aide panting along behind. He often loses his boisterous temper. But recently he has learned to temper his tantrums with humor. "All right, you guys," he roared at a recent company meeting when everyone started clamoring at once, "let me blow my top first. Then you can blow yours."

Carpets & Parties. To sell his beer, Busch whistle-stops around the U.S. in the most luxurious private railroad car on tracks—an 86-ft. stainless-steel, wood-paneled, deep-carpeted traveling office with a sitting room, four conference rooms, kitchen, bar, an ample supply of Budweiser, and accommodations for eleven. For his trips, he used a twin-engine DC-3 airliner, at one time even drove around in a super de luxe company bus fitted out with kitchen, bedrooms and offices. On long business trips Busch himself loved to spell the driver at the wheel, go careering down the highway, eyes alight with pleasure. But now he has passed on both plane and bus to lesser Anheuser-Busch executives, the plane because he hates flying and the bus because, with his new railroad car, he no longer needs it.

On his railroad trips Busch is apt to pull into a siding unannounced at night, make a whirlwind tour at 2 a.m. through one of his breweries to make sure that everyone is on his toes. At every stop he invites his wholesalers on board for a drink of beer (or whisky) and a pep talk.

For those he misses, Busch lays on baronial parties in his St. Louis home. One of the biggest was a mammoth affair last summer, after Budweiser sales in St. Louis had dropped sharply. Busch invited



FOUNDER ADOLPHUS BUSCH

Piaget

every wholesaler, retailer and saloonkeeper in the area to his home—11,000 in all.

For eleven nights running, the guests arrived in batches of 1,000. Busch, with his handsome third wife Gertrude, 28, made sure to pump every hand, pass a few pleasant words with each. "When mid-night came," Busch recalls, "my hand would be so swollen I couldn't move my fingers." Every night he soaked his hand in Epsom salts until the swelling went down; on the eleventh night the soaking took two hours. But when St. Louis' Budweiser sales shot up 400%, Brewer Busch was satisfied.

Bison & Tessie. The house and farm where Busch entertains are unique in contemporary America. The house is a 34-room red brick French Renaissance chateau set on 220 acres of rolling Missouri countryside outside St. Louis. Among the formal gardens and cool blue ponds are eight buildings; a 350-yd. portion of the mile-long fence is made entirely of Civil War rifle barrels. From his bedroom window Busch looks out on one of the world's finest animal parks; he can see bison, North African mountain sheep, great European red stags, rare rapier-horned Indian black bucks.

The air-conditioned stables house 17 sleek hackney horses, rawboned hunters and jumpers. All champions, with 600 trophies to their credit since 1950 alone. Up at sunrise, he often takes his white mare Miss Budweiser over the 5-ft. jumps. Sometimes he hitches up a coach-and-four from his \$1,000,000 collection of antique carriages, and rides over his acres, occasionally stopping to toot a brass-troated hunting horn to startle the deer. For his merriment Gus Busch even has his own private zoo: a camel, a trio of performing, cowboy-suited chimpanzees and a stubborn baby elephant (3½ years old, 750 lbs.) named Tessie.

As Busch strides to the stables each

* From left: Adolphus Busch III, August Anheuser Busch Sr., Gussie Busch.

† A long-used diminutive that Busch barely tolerates. Most people who refer to him as "Gussie" call him "Gus" to his face.

morning, he bawls at the top of his lungs: "Tessie! Tessie! Where are you?" Tessie immediately trumpets back her greeting, and the two engage in a bellowing match as he tries to put Tessie through her tricks until finally Tessie gives in, obediently does a jig, salutes, rolls over and retrieves a handkerchief.

Syrup & Clydesdales. Six months a year, Busch throws open his estate to touring groups of children and adults (32,000 last year), shows them his treasures, dispenses free soda pop, cookies and ice cream smothered in Anheuser-Busch corn syrup. Anheuser-Busch also spends \$550,000 annually breeding Clydesdale draft horses; Gus Busch sends them around the U.S. hitched to red Budweiser wagons, promoting beer in dry farm areas where Prohibition sentiment is still strong. His latest plan: to cross tiny Sicilian donkeys with even tinier Shetland ponies, thus develop the world's

Cardinals finished sixth; this year they are fighting to keep out of seventh place. After investing \$7,800,000 on buying the team and improving the ballpark (changed from Sportsman's Park to Busch Stadium), Busch desperately wanted a winner. When he did not get it, out went Manager Eddie ("The Brat") Stanky, in came Manager Harry ("The Hat") Walker, a hustling player-manager from the Cardinals' Rochester farm who, Busch hoped, would give the team—and Budweiser sales—a lift. As for rumors that Busch is about to sell out, he purples at the mere suggestion, denies the rumors as "dirty, mean stories," hints that his competitors planted them to embarrass him.

Busch seldom interferes with the running of the Cardinals, leaves the job to the manager and Anheuser-Busch Vice President Richard A. Meyer. His policy on baseball is the same as on brewing. He never interferes with the brewmasters.

duction is a highly technical manufacturing process. At Anheuser-Busch, the brewmasters claim that Budweiser and its higher-priced companion beer Michelob (sold only on draught) have only the finest ingredients, e.g., imported hops, rice instead of oily corn grits, and two-row "Hannchen" barley, whose two rows of kernels in the head are bigger, more even, and contain more starch and less moisture than the more prevalent six-row barley kernels.

From start to finish, the brew, made in relatively small 630-bbl. batches, is constantly checked for taste and uniformity. As the ground-up barley and rice are boiled, the hops and yeast are added to ferment the beer and give it its characteristic, slightly bitter tang. Both temperature and time must be controlled to the minute. The immense lagering cellars, where the fermentation goes on for 21 days, must be airtight to keep out all airborne bacteria. Finally, Anheuser-Busch treats its beer with a time-honored process that no other major national brewer uses. In glass-lined tanks floored with sterile beechwood chips, the beer is injected with a freshly yeasted brew known as "krausen," which starts a secondary, month-long fermentation to carbonate Budweiser naturally. Some brewers argue that krausen is an expensive, old-fashioned process which does little good. But Anheuser-Busch's brewmasters insist that it results in a fresher, better-tasting beer.

Most beer drinkers believe that kegged beer tastes better than bottled beer,⁶ and bottled beer better than canned. Kegged beer is better because it is fresher, is not pasteurized and contains less air. (Air helps beer to oxidize, thus become stale). Bottled beer also contains less air than canned beer, which to many drinkers has a metallic taste. In Budweiser's \$1,000,000 laboratory, one of the biggest in the industry, 225 technicians are currently at work, some of them on a new can-crimping machine that will cut down on the air, keep canned beer as fresh as bottled beer. Another project: a new pasteurization process so that Michelob can be bottled.

"Ah, This Is It." But with all the new techniques, everything still depends on the brewmaster. Each afternoon at 4 p.m., Anheuser-Busch's Brewmaster Frank H. Schwaiger, 46, a big, granite-faced Bavarian, walks to a special room at the brewery where a table is lined with unmarked glasses. Some hold the day's Budweiser, some Michelob, some specially air-expressed samples from Budweiser breweries in Newark and Los Angeles, some competitors' beer. Schwaiger sniffs each glass, holds it to the light to check the color, drinks deeply in great, man-sized gulps, never sipping or swirling the beer in his mouth the way whiskey or

⁶ Bottled beer, says Gussie Busch, should not be poured by dribbling it down the side of a tilted glass. The bottle should be tipped almost straight up so the beer surges into the glass, thus forcing the carbonation up through the beer rather than letting it escape, as it does when beer is poured slowly.



Margaret Bourke-White—Lure

GUS BUSCH & CARDINALS⁶
Out went The Brat, in came The Hat.

smallest mules to plug a 7-oz. "ladies-size" Budweiser bottle.

Two years ago, Busch scored his biggest advertising coup by buying the St. Louis Cardinals baseball team when the Cardinals' owner, Fred Saigh, was jailed for income-tax evasion. Ostensibly, Busch bought the Cardinals to save them for St. Louis. But he makes no bones about the fact that the team helps him sell more Budweiser. When sportswriters needle him about his commercialism, Busch snorts that Colonel Jacob Ruppert owned the New York Yankees for 30 years while he also owned Ruppert brewery, and that many of the 16 major-league team broadcasts are sponsored by beer companies.

"Mean Stories." Busch first seized on the Cardinals as a chance to have some fun and recapture his youth. At the first spring training, he arrived in a squeal of brakes, driving his bus, hopped out, donned a uniform and joined the practice. But now Busch spends much less time with his disappointing team. Last year the

Says he: "Their only boss is the beer. All they have to do is make the beer—we'll sell it."

6,000 Years of Beer. Anheuser-Busch's brewing process is no secret. Beer is one of the oldest of all drinks. The ancient Babylonians, Egyptians and Greeks made it, and the Romans found beer in the farthest reaches of their empire. But in modern days, not even an Englishman could like the ancients' sweet, flat brews. Actually, the first true dry beer came to the U.S. with immigrant Germans in the 1840s. In German fermentation tanks the yeast worked at the bottom of the brew rather than at the top, as in ale, thus producing the lighter, less alcoholic "lager," i.e., "stored" beer, that has become the U.S. favorite.

Barley & Rice. Anyone can (and millions did, during Prohibition) brew a batch of beer. But its uniform mass pro-

⁶ First Baseman Stan Musial and Second Baseman Red Schoendienst.

wine tasters do. "Ah," he will say quietly, "this is it," or, "No, no, the malt, the malt." Then he will order any one of a thousand slight changes to keep the various Anheuser-Busch brews uniform. After two hours of tasting, Brewmaster Schwaiger heads for home in a rosy glow of beer and good cigars. Says he: "And I think then that perhaps I have the very best job in all the world."

Beyond the brewing, Anheuser-Busch faces complicated pricing and distribution problems. The company charges its wholesalers \$2.46 per 24-bottle case, yet it makes only 14¢ profit. The rest of the average \$5-per-case retail cost of Budweiser goes for retailers' and wholesalers' markups, steep state and local taxes. To conform with varying local liquor laws, Anheuser-Busch has to use some 600 different labels, packages and bottle caps.

The Family. In his zest, his super-salesmanship, his devotion to beer, Gussie Busch follows in the well-marked footsteps of his beer-baron ancestors. The brewery is still controlled by the founding families. Together with St. Louis' Anheuser family, the Busch clan owns 65% of Anheuser-Busch's 4,816,218 outstanding shares; Gussie himself owns 22%, worth some \$20 million, and is paid a salary of \$150,000 a year. Eberhard Anheuser, the 74-year-old grandson of one of the founders, is chairman of the board, but Gussie, grandson of the other founder, is the man in command. Says he: "The thing I want to do more than anything else in the world is run this business in a way that would make my grandfather and my father and my brother proud of me."

More than anyone in the family, Gussie



Margaret Bourke-White—LIFE

GERTRUDE BUSCH
The guest list was 11,000.



George Harris—Black Star

BREWMASTER SCHWAIGER & BOSS
Sometimes it's the best job in all the world.

Busch is like Adolphus Busch, the son of a prosperous Mainz, Germany wine merchant, who emigrated to the U.S. in 1857. Settling in St. Louis, Adolphus Busch got into the brewing business by marriage. In 1861 he married the 17-year-old daughter of Eberhard Anheuser, a prosperous St. Louis soap manufacturer who had taken over a small South Side brewery after its owners went broke. When young Adolphus got back from the Union Army, Eberhard Anheuser asked him to run the beer company. He could hardly have found a better man.

A good salesman, with training in chemistry and physics, Adolphus Busch increased the brewery's annual production from a trickle to 25,000 bbls. within eight years. He also began brewing Budweiser after a tour of Europe. According to the apocryphal story, Adolphus got the secret formula of the famed brew of a monastery. Actually, he developed the formula with Carl Conrad, a St. Louis restaurateur, tried to match the light beer he found in the Bohemian town of Budweis. He felt that it would become more popular in the U.S. than the heavy beer then being made. He was the first big brewer to perfect refrigerated railroad cars, thus opening vast new markets in the South, installed the first pasteurization process for beer. In 1879 the name Busch first appeared in the company title, and Adolphus was well on his way to pushing beer sales past the 1,000,000-bbl. mark.

By the time his grandson (Anheuser-Busch's current president) was born in 1899, Adolphus Busch was a legendary figure in St. Louis. At his 20-room brick mansion he lavishly entertained such guests as Sarah Bernhardt and Teddy Roosevelt; he bought homes in Pasadena, Calif., and Cooperstown, N.Y., bought himself a manor on Germany's Rhine, had himself painted by Sweden's Anders Zorn. Traveling to New York in his private car,

he passed out gold coins on all sides. Adolphus Busch could afford it. When he died in 1913, he left his family an estate valued at \$50 million and a brewery turning out beer at the rate of 1,600,000 bbls. a year.

The Dark Days. His son, August Busch Sr., took over the presidency, steadily boosted sales even through World War I, when anti-German feeling ran high in the U.S. He built the chateau on his estate to move his children out to the country, where, as Gussie Jr. says, "a kid just couldn't have had more." Friends remember young Gussie as difficult for other children to get along with, recall that he was hot-tempered and impatient with dogs and horses. Says Gussie himself: "Let's just say I was the original Peck's Bad Boy." He went to Fremont Public School in St. Louis, then tried Smith Academy, a private school. "Without doubt," says Busch, "I was the world's louisiest student. I never graduated from anything." Instead, Gussie learned his lessons at the brewery, where he first went to work in 1922, just two years after Prohibition had staggered the industry.

While Gussie scrubbed vats, his father tried to hold the company together and fought for survival and repeal. Anheuser-Busch turned from beer to a variety of other products: yeast, refrigeration cabinets, bus and truck bodies, corn and malt syrup, and a variety of soft drinks, including a chocolate soft drink named Carcho. The losses were staggering. Nevertheless, the company stayed in business. Young Gussie used the time to climb through the ranks. By 1924 he was brewery superintendent; in 1926 he was named general manager and sixth vice president; eight years later, when Prohibition was finally repealed, he was ready to fill the jobs of first vice president and boss of the entire brewery division.

Brewer Busch vividly remembers the

TIME CLOCK

STOCK-PURCHASE PLANS for salaried employees are being considered by Ford and General Motors. Ford will offer its 46,000 salaried workers stock below market price when it goes on public sale next year. G.M. may make a similar plan part of a new investment and savings program for everybody, from office clerks up to the executives.

NORTH AMERICAN AIRLINES, biggest nonscheduled air carrier in the U.S., had its wings clipped. The Civil Aeronautics Board upheld an examiner's finding that North American runs scheduled flights in violation of CAB regulations (TIME, Feb. 28), ordered the line grounded effective Sept. 1. North American will appeal the CAB ruling to the federal courts, keep flying until the case is finally settled.

ATOMS-FOR-PEACE plans are developing so fast that General Electric Co. will launch the first sales campaign for nuclear research reactors this month. G.E. will send sales engineers to universities, factories, and research companies to peddle a nuclear line, e.g., a 50-kw. "swimming-pool" reactor, a 5,000-kw. heavy-water reactor.

FAIR-TRADE LAWS will not be an issue at this session of Congress. Despite a recommendation by Attorney General Herbert Brownell's antitrust committee that federal price-fixing laws be abolished (TIME, Sept. 13), no bill has been introduced.

ROYAL LITTLE, who wants to put half of his Textron American, Inc. assets in non-textile diversification, is moving into another new field. For \$18 million, Textron will take over Western Union's international cable system to Cuba, England, the Azores, Spain and Italy. The sale

solves a big problem for Western Union, which was ordered to give up its international operations when it bought out Postal Telegraph twelve years ago, has been looking for a buyer ever since.

PLASTIC PRICES will come down as the result of an 18% price slash on Union Carbide & Carbon Corp.'s vinyl resins (used for raincoats, upholstery, garden hose, etc.). With Italian vinyls selling in the U.S. for 32¢ a lb., Union Carbide was forced to cut its price from 38¢ a lb. to 31¢.

ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE, which lopped off all passenger trains to Santa Fe, N. Mex. in the '30s, will take coaches off the run to Atchison, Kans. (pop. 12,792) if the Kansas Corporation Commission gives its O.K. Then Topeka will be the last city in the company title to be a passenger stop.

PAPER INDUSTRY is busy with mergers. Crown Zellerbach Corp. (1954 sales: \$297 million) has offered shareholders in Gaylord Container Corp. a two-for-three stock swap. St. Regis Paper Co., biggest paper container maker (1954 sales: \$200 million), will take over General Container Corp. in a stock trade (2% shares of St. Regis for each share of General Container).

POTATO PRICE QUIZ by the U.S. Agriculture Department flushed more evidence of market rigging (TIME, June 20). The Government charged Manhattan's Jacob Stern & Co. with virtually cornering the supply of cash potatoes on the New York Mercantile Exchange in February so that it could juggle prices. The shortage that made cornering easier is ending. Government forecasters expect that the summer crop may be 20% over last year's.

dent, and from 1937 to 1945 he kept the company at the top of the industry. Gussie Busch went off to World War II in 1942, spent most of his time helping to break tank-production bottlenecks at Detroit's automotive center, came out in 1945 as a colonel with the Legion of Merit. In 1946, when his brother died of cancer, Gussie stepped into the president's job. But no sooner was he in command than Busch found himself and his company in deep trouble.

The New Leaders. During the war, when demand soared way above production, Anheuser-Busch's sales division had become lazy. With peace and competition, Milwaukee's hustling brewers shot ahead. By the end of 1946, Pabst was on top, though only by a bare 20,000 bbls. Busch was stunned. The next year he pushed sales and production up to 3,608,738 bbls. But still Anheuser-Busch skidded into fourth place. A new leader, Schlitz, took over and kept on top for six straight years.

From 1947 to 1952 Busch rode his company as if it were a balky jumper, forced

it over hurdle after hurdle. Overruling his conservative directors, Busch kicked off a \$50 million expansion program for the St. Louis brewery to boost capacity 2,630,000 bbls. to 6,230,000 annually, rammed through a \$34 million project for an East Coast brewery at Newark, another \$25 million for the West Coast brewery. Production rose enough to put Anheuser-Busch in second place, right on the heels of Schlitz. Then, in 1953, Budweiser broke through. With the new Newark brewery capable of turning out an additional 1,840,000 bbls. a year, Anheuser-Busch turned out an alltime record of 6,711,222 bbls., 1,500,000 bbls. more than its nearest competitor, Schlitz. One of the big helps was Milwaukee's eleven-week beer strike, which cost his Milwaukee competitors an estimated 2,500,000 bbls. But Busch kept ahead in 1954, too.

Worst Mistake. Busch has also made some mistakes at Anheuser-Busch. One of the worst was boosting the price of beer in 1953 by 15¢ a case wholesale, a price that in many instances translated itself into a \$1.20-per-case boost to U.S. beer drinkers. As a result, Anheuser-Busch, while it still beat out Schlitz by 400,000 bbls. last year, slumped 800,000 bbls. from its 1953 peak. Worst of all, most of the loss was to less expensive local beers, a market that Busch has not yet been able to win back. Characteristically, Busch took the full blame. Said he to his stockholders at the annual meeting: "We made what was probably the worst mistake in the company's history. As your president, I take sole responsibility." The upshot: the stockholders so admired his frankness that they asked only a few questions and adjourned.

Today, Busch presides over an industrial giant with a net worth that has grown to nearly \$400 million, sales of \$216 million, and profits topping \$12 million in 1954. At full capacity, his three breweries across the U.S. can produce 8,990,000 bbls. of beer annually, more than any other brewer. How 1955 will turn out is anyone's guess. For the first three months Schlitz held a slight lead, but now, with Budweiser sales soaring, Busch flatly predicts that his beer will win going away.

On his recent whirlwind tour to visit Budweiser wholesalers around the U.S., Busch bet every man he met a brand-new hat—900 in all—that he could not top his local sales quota for the year. So far, the challenge seems to be paying off. For May and June, Budweiser's wholesalers jumped their sales 5% over 1954 levels. Says Anheuser-Busch's President Gus Busch: "By the end of the year, I'll either have a houseful of hats or I'll be the biggest hat buyer in the country."

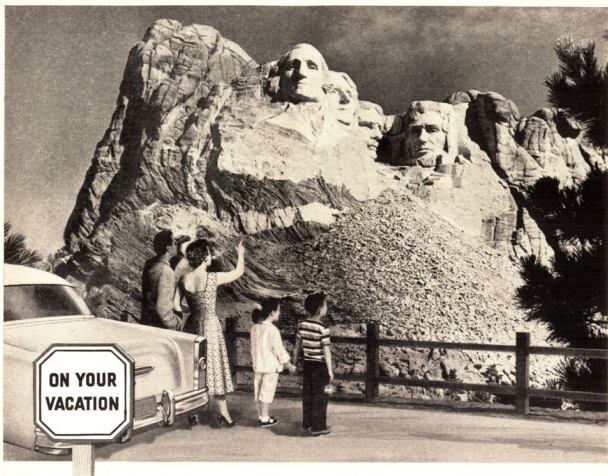
PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

Stanley Burnet Resor, 75, white-haired dean of 20th century advertising, moved from president to board chairman of J. Walter Thompson Co., the world's biggest ad agency (current billings: some \$200 million). He will continue as chief

night of April 7, 1933. "The crowds were singing and having a wonderful time," he recalls, "and at midnight every factory in St. Louis blew its whistle. Then the trucks rolled out of the gates and took Budweiser to bars all over St. Louis. People were backed all the way out to the curb waiting for their turn at the bar." Gussie, his father and his older brother picked one of the first cases off the bottling-plant line and sent it air express to President Franklin D. Roosevelt as a heartfelt token of thanks. Ever since Gussie Busch has been a Democrat ("I'll be damned if I'll bite the hand that fed me"), thus giving some latter-day verisimilitude to Horace Greeley's remark, circa 1860: "I never said all Democrats were saloon-keepers. What I said was that all saloon-keepers were Democrats."

Though the fight was won, it had taken too much out of Gus's father. Suffering from high blood pressure, gout and a bad heart, August Busch Sr. shot himself to death on Feb. 13, 1934. In accordance with family tradition, Gussie's older brother Adolphus III was elected presi-



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executive officer. Into the presidency went Norman H. Strouse, 48, who left a Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* advertising job to join J.W.T. in 1920. As one of the firm's 95 vice presidents, Jennings started as a clerk for the old Standard Oil Co. of New York in 1920, worked up to Socony's presidency in 24 years. While remaining as the company's chief executive officer, he was succeeded as president by Albert L. Nickerson, 44, who joined the company as a service-station attendant after graduating from Harvard in 1933, has directed its far-flung foreign trade as a vice president since 1951.

B. (for Benjamin) Brewster Jennings, 57, was elected Socony Mobil Oil Co. chairman, succeeding George V. Holton, 65, who retired. The grandson of John D. Rockefeller partners, Jennings started as a clerk for the old Standard Oil Co. of New York in 1920, worked up to Socony's presidency in 24 years. While remaining as the company's chief executive officer, he was succeeded as president by Albert L. Nickerson, 44, who joined the company as a service-station attendant after graduating from Harvard in 1933, has directed its far-flung foreign trade as a vice president since 1951.

Henry Garfinkle, 49, took over as president of 91-year-old American News Co. Percy D. O'Connell retired as president but will remain board chairman and consultant. Critical of sagging sales and profits (last year's net was down \$2,251,155 from 1952), Garfinkle and associates spent millions to gain stock control of the company, biggest U.S. magazine distributor. Victor D. Ziminsky will stay on as president of the firm's wholly owned subsidiary, Union News Co., which runs newsstand and restaurant concessions as well as Manhattan's Rockefeller Plaza skating rink. As a boy, Garfinkle helped support his widowed mother by selling papers to Staten Island ferry passengers, built up a big independent newsstand network along the East Coast. He will try to fatten sales by reorganizing magazine distribution and reaching for new outlets along traffic-heavy superhighways.

Samuel W. Anderson, 57, resigned as assistant Secretary of Commerce for international affairs to become president of the American Watch Association, representing U.S. importers of Swiss movements. An investment banker and industrial planner, Anderson joined WPB in 1941, supervised the huge expansion of U.S. aluminum and magnesium industries. He returned to Washington in 1948 to become ECA's industrial director, later headed the World Bank's Latin American division. As assistant commerce secretary, Anderson supported President Eisenhower's tariff raise for Swiss watches last year. As watch association president, he will try to turn back the tariff clock.

Henry B. Sargent, 50, a veteran utilities executive, was named president of American & Foreign Power, Inc., replacing W. S. Robertson who becomes board chairman. After graduating from Tulane in 1927, Sargent went to Mississippi Power & Light as an engineer, stayed on to become vice president and general manager, then moved over in 1946 to Arizona Public Service where he has been serving as president. His new company, Foreign Power, a subsidiary of Electric Bond & Share, does not operate in the U.S. but provides eleven Latin American countries with their utilities.

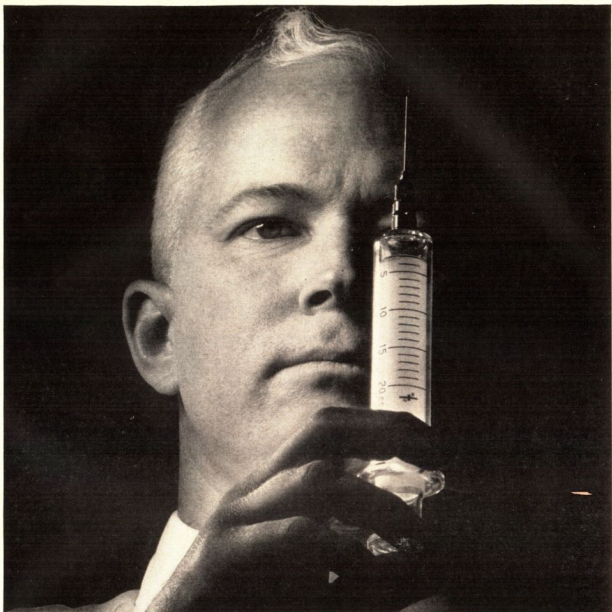
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THE PRESS

Success in the Sewer

In a little more than two years, a 25¢ magazine called *Confidential*, based on the proposition that millions like to wallow in scurrility, has become the biggest newsstand seller in the U.S. Newsmen have called *Confidential* ("Tells the Facts and Names the Names") everything from "scrawling on privy walls" to a "sewer sheet of supercharged sex." But with each bimonthly issue, printed on cheap paper and crammed with splashy pictures, *Confidential's* sale has grown even faster than its journalistic reputation has fallen. It has also spawned a dozen guttery imitators, e.g., *Hush Hush*, *The Lowdown*, *Exposed*, *Uncensored*, *On the Q.T.* In Hollywood Cinemactor Humphrey Bogart reports that "everybody reads it, but they say the cook brought it into the house." In Chicago a society matron summed up the simultaneous appall and appeal that she feels for the magazine: "I've read it from cover to cover, and I think it ought to be thrown out of the house."

This week *Confidential's* latest issue was on its way to newsstands all over the U.S. ("Loaded with sizzling exclusives"), and the magazine trumpeted its success: "Over 4,000,000 and going up." Like everything about the magazine, the circulation claim was excessive. *Confidential* has applied for membership in the Audit Bureau of Circulations; if accepted, it will come in with a circulation of about 2,230,000, its average for the first six months of 1955. But its newsstand growth has been so fast (only 30,000 readers subscribe by mail) that *Confidential* expects to reach its circulation claim in next year's audit.

A Fake. By sprinkling grains of fact into a cheesecake of innuendo, detraction and plain smut, *Confidential* creates the illusion of reporting the "lowdown" on celebrities. Its standard method: dig up one sensational "fact" and embroider it for 1,500 to 2,000 words. If the subject thinks of suing, he may quickly realize that the fact is true, even if the embroidery is not. *Confidential* has four libel suits pending against it (including two started by Cinemactors Errol Flynn and Robert Mitchum). But few of its subjects are inclined to go to court over what the magazine prints. Said one Hollywood star: "You've got to have guts or your skirts have to be awfully clean before you mess around legally with these people."

There is an even bolder reason why *Confidential* has had so few libel suits. Most people damaged by *Confidential* do not want to draw attention to the article and the magazine by suing, thus spreading the storm. They would rather try to ignore it than be entangled in the dirty fight that a libel suit would bring.

Many a *Confidential* story is based on facts that newsmen know and could print, e.g., "The Astor Testimony the Judge Suppressed." The magazine specializes in finding one black mark in a subject's dis-

tant past, and hammering him with it, e.g., Cinemactor Rory Calhoun's youthful prison record. Sometimes *Confidential* drops the pretense of reporting altogether, once concluded an article about a Hollywood director and an actress causing a scene in a nightclub with the last line: "It's all a fake."

In Hollywood, whose movie colony supplies most of the subjects for its articles, the "Confidential treatment" has become such a threat that confidence men have tried to collect \$500 to \$1,000 by offering "to keep your name out of *Confidential*." The magazine gets its tips from bellhops, call girls, private detectives and paid tipsters, writes all its articles in its shabby Manhattan offices on Broadway. Though it offers up to \$1,000 an article, few work-



Tommy Weber

"CONFIDENTIAL'S" HARRISON & RUSHMORE
Let the wrecking ball swing.

ing newsmen will write for it, and almost all its bylines are pseudonyms of *Confidential's* editors.

A Doss. *Confidential's* publisher, Robert Harrison, 51, would make a racy subject himself for an article in the magazine. A sleek-haired, gruff-talking shoffow, Bachelor Harrison drives a white Cadillac, making the rounds of New York City nightclubs "wherever romance beckons me." Manhattan-born, Harrison started out in publishing after working as a writer for movie trade papers, bringing out such magazines as *Beauty Parade*, *Wink*, *Titter* and *Flirt*.

Short of cash but obviously enjoying his work, Harrison often modeled for pictures himself, posing as everything from a white slaver (with pith helmet) to an irate husband spanking his wife. On one project for one of his magazines, Harrison was picked up by New Jersey police (and released) for taking pornographic pictures; he had driven a carload of models to a Jersey golf course and had started taking pictures of them cavorting across the fairways half-nude.

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Harrison clean up his magazines before putting them in the mails, and New York's Society for the Suppression of Vice filed a complaint against them. But he was undeterred. When he saw the popularity of the Kefauver crime hearings on TV, he decided that "inside stuff" was even better than cheesecake.

A Smear. In the first issue of *Confidential*, Harrison ran an article buttering up Hearst Columnist Walter Winchell. It paid off. Winchell promptly became a one-man promotion agency for the magazine, fired with new enthusiasm for it every time *Confidential* ran another article praising him or attacking his enemies. (Harrison obligingly became a contributor to Winchell's Damon Runyon Memorial Fund.) Harrison also found a way to use *Confidential* articles over and over again in another of his magazines, *Whisper* ("The Stories Behind the Headlines").

Confidential's small staff works under Editor Howard Rushmore, onetime Communist who was fired as a Hearst reporter (*TIME*, Nov. 1), partly for contributing in his spare time to *Confidential*. The editors write *Confidential's* articles in breezy, breathless tabloid prose, always promising more than they give ("This article will shock you"). One of the best descriptions of the kind of reporting in *Confidential* and its imitators came from one of the imitators, *Top Secret*. Said *Top Secret*: "How cunningly the smear is constructed. It says nothing with finality. It doesn't come right out and claim... Everything is left neatly up in the air, letting the heavy steel wrecking ball swing freely, hit as it may and where."

Husband Scooped

As a free-lance writer for the *Miami Daily News*, Jane Wood specializes in offbeat features, seldom lands on the front page. But last week one of Reporter Wood's offbeat features touched off Miami's biggest crime story of the year, exposed a robbery gang led by two cops, and caused another shake-up in Miami's police department, already riddled by bribery charges.

It all started last fall when Reporter Wood, who is the wife of Henry Reno of the opposition *Miami Herald*, wrote a story about the financial troubles of the wife and two children of LeRoy Horne, jailed for ten years for armed robbery. Horne read the *Daily News* story, was so touched that he decided to go straight, joined the prison church, became a model prisoner.

To clear his conscience he sent a message to Jane Wood that he wanted to tell her the whole story of the robbery gang. She went up to the De Land state prison camp where Horne confessed to her four other holdups, named five accomplices, including Miami Policemen Peter Balma and Lewis Womack. The two cops, said Horne, picked out easy robbery victims while on their motorcycle rounds, gave the names and addresses to Horne and his partner, Gerard Casselli, collected 25% of their take.



Miami Daily News

REPORTER WOOD

She started beating her husband.

Miami police picked up Casselli, who also confessed and corroborated Horne's story. One of the gang leaders, Policeman Womack, was killed in an unexplained boat explosion last summer. But Balma, 27, was still on the force. He was called in off his beat, stripped of his badge and pistol, suspended from the force and charged with robbery. Reporter Wood saw it all, wrote the story, gave the *Daily News* a clean beat over the *Herald*. She also scored a clean beat over her husband; he is the *Herald's* crime specialist.

Clear Cut

In the midst of the furor over newsmen who were members of the Communist Party (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), the 27,302-member American Newspaper Guild last week took a clear-cut stand on a problem that has been worrying it for years. At its 22nd annual convention in Albany, N.Y., the Guild unanimously voted not to defend the employment rights of any member who is an admitted or proved Communist Party member.

Said the Guild declaration: "The A.N.G. and its locals need not resist the dismissal of any employee who has admitted [party membership] in an open hearing by a competent governmental agency [or] who has finally been adjudged by a court of competent jurisdiction to have been a member of the Communist Party." The Guild's action, which applies to anyone who has been a member of the party within six months of being fired, takes the place of a proposed change in the Guild's constitution barring Communists from membership altogether (*TIME*, Aug. 16). "If anyone wants to exercise his right to be part of a conspiracy," explained St. Louis Guildsman Rollin Everett, "then let him seek employment from those who agree with him."

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CINEMA

Newsreel

¶ At Disneyland, the gigantic amusement park in Anaheim, Calif., scheduled to open in mid-July, Walt Disney will have a theater for a 360° screen, which he confidently expects represents the final step in evolution of the wide screen. Last week Disney gave the press a peek at it: standing on a platform in the middle of a circular theater, the viewer watched a 15-minute scenic tour of Monument Valley, Las Vegas, Los Angeles and Balboa Bay, had the sensation of looking out of the same car or boat that the eleven-camera unit had worked from. The sense of motion was impressive. Said *Daily Variety*: "Like riding in a flying saucer."

¶ Cinemogul Spyros Skouras flew into Johannesburg to add a new string of theaters to his 20th Century-Fox empire. He was reportedly prepared to pay \$7,000,000 for Africa Theaters, Ltd., whose more than 200 movie houses would give him a virtual film monopoly in east, central and southern Africa.

¶ At large in Rome, Hollywood Gossipist Hedda Hopper characteristically wasted no time in getting to the heart of the matter in her interview with Gina Lollobrigida: "I've heard many arguments as to whether or not your focal point above the waist is larger and more shapely than Sophia Loren's." Gina replied promptly and "without batting an eyelash," Hedda reported: "I can assure you hers is larger." Concluded Hedda vaguely: "Loren's followers think Gina is too cold. Gina's fans say Loren puts too much stress on sex. It's pretty much the same pattern as Hollywood."

The New Pictures

This *Island Earth* (Universal) stays earthbound just a little too long as Scientist Rex Reason grows increasingly suspicious of a house party thrown by Jeff Morrow, an eggheaded visitor from outer space. But when Rex and his beautiful fellow scientist Faith Domergue try to escape, they are scooped into a flying saucer and whizzed off to the planet of Metatluna to help their hard-pressed host fight off some neighboring spacemen. The interplanetary war that follows has Metatluna looking like a giant pinball machine screaming "Tilt!" in seven different colors. What with dodging flaming meteors and grappling with odious mutants (half-human and half-insect monsters that have a weakness for female earthlings), Rex and Faith are mighty lucky to grab a seat on the last spaceship back to earth.

The *Seven Little Foes* (Paramount) has a story as relentlessly cute as an elephant in pinafores. Bob Hope, cast as the late Vaudevillian Eddie Foy, is supposed to be so allergic to women that in years of married life he sees his wife (Milly Vitale) only the minimum amount of time necessary to father seven children. What he does with the time thus saved is never



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fully explained. According to the movie, his principal nonworking pastimes are playing pool and trading insults with James Cagney, thinly disguised as Hooper George M. Cohan.

Milly Vitale dies while Hope is heedlessly off having a soft-shoe competition with Cagney, and the remorseful widower settles down in Westchester to be a daddy to his justifiably indignant brood. But, at tedious length, he is persuaded by his agent to drag all seven of the urchins into vaudeville. They are a smash hit, and one of the boys improves his backstage hours by becoming an expert craps shooter, another a skilled Peeping Tom. And now Writer-Director Melville Shavelson adds a predictable turn of the dramatic screw: Hope's bitter sister-in-law protests to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and Foy and family are haled



BOB HOPE & JAMES CAGNEY
A vote for child labor.

into court. The children deliver impassioned appeals for Papa, while Papa sums up with a thundering speech in defense of child labor. Visibly moved, the judge sends them all back to the Orpheum Circuit.

Out of this unlikely material emerges a better-than-average VistaVision musical mostly because of the near-marital energy of Bob Hope, whose timing was never better as he splutters gags like an endless string of comic firecrackers. Italy's Milly Vitale is decorative as the long-suffering wife, and the children are always on hand to trigger a succession of mildly daring jokes about childbirth.

Lady and the Tramp (Walt Disney: Buena Vista) draws a bead on the susceptible hearts of some 20 million U.S. dog lovers with a 75-minute CinemaScope cartoon of the romance between a high-bred cocker spaniel (Lady) and a mongrel (Tramp) from the wrong side of the tracks. But, in humoring dog lovers, Disney may well lose friends among cat

fanciers for his venomous portrait of a brace of Siamese cats (named Si and Am) that are noticeably lacking in the virtuous qualities that abound in the canine kingdom.

After a Christmasy opening, filled with carolers and cuteness, Disney's anthropomorphic animals take charge: Jock the Scotty speaks with a burr; Trusty the bloodhound has a Southern accent; a dachshund talks like a comedy Dutchman; a borzoi spouts about Gorky with Russian flourishes. Whimsy is seldom more than a step ahead of whimsy: Jock and Trusty archly explain about sex to Lady just before Tramp does battle with three slaving mastiffs; a comic scene in the dog pound is closely followed by a parody of the "last mile" walk from the death house as a crazed dog is led off to be destroyed. The film's big terror scene takes place in a baby's bedroom, where valiant Tramp kills a red-eyed rat, even though he has to knock over the crib and dump the baby on the floor to do it.

Walt Disney has for so long parlayed goopy sentiment and stark horror into profitable cartoons that most moviegoers are apt to be more surprised than disappointed to discover that the combination somehow does not work this time. The songs, by Peggy Lee and Sonny Burke, are naggingly reminiscent of other tunes, but none of the cartoon creatures—except, possibly, a whistling heaver playing a bit part—have a fraction of the lovable charm of those in Disney's earlier fables.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Summertime. Katharine Hepburn finds love and gentle heartbreak in Venice; with Rossano Brazzi (TIME, June 27).

The Great Adventure. Arne Sucksdorff's nature film, a blending of terror and tenderness in the seasonal round of life in a Swedish forest (TIME, June 20).

The Seven Year Itch. Though the ads promise more fun than the picture delivers, Marilyn Monroe and Tom Ewell help Director Billy Wilder make George Axelrod's comedy a fairly engaging romp (TIME, June 13).

Hiroshima. A propaganda-heavy but harrowing Japanese-made film about the atomic destruction of a living city (TIME, May 23).

Violent Saturday. Three thugs rob a bank in a picture as simple and as nerve-racking as a bomb; with Victor Mature, Richard Egan, Ernest Borgnine (TIME, May 16).

Heartbreak Ridge. The infantryman's ordeal in Korea, as experienced by a green French lieutenant and sharply recorded by Director Jacques Dupont (TIME, May 9).

Marty. The love story of "a very good butcher"; home truth and homely humor in the life of an ordinary man—well perceived by Playwright Paddy Chayefsky, well expressed by Ernest Borgnine, Betsy Blair (TIME, April 18).

East of Eden. Director Elia Kazan does his best with one of John Steinbeck's worst novels, and a new star, James Dean, is born of his pains; with Julie Harris (TIME, March 21).

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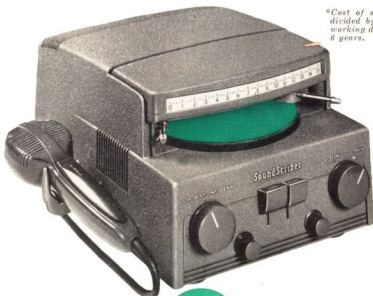
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BOOKS

Knighthood Deflowered

OFFICERS AND GENTLEMEN (339 pp.)—Evelyn Waugh—Little, Brown (\$3.75).

For other embattled Britons, the winter of 1940 may have been their finest hour—but not for Commando *Officers and Gentlemen* Evelyn Waugh writes about in his second novel about World War II. With his elite brigades buried in Eastern Mediterranean retreat, the boss commandman in London could count for instant offensive action exactly six men and a pariah captain left at home in a shipping snafu. Desperate for any justifying achievement, the general ordered out these seven, with his press officer, on a radar-smashing raid by submarine on a Channel islet.

No more unwilling warrior could have been found for Operation Poppin than Captain Trimmer, onetime ladies' hairdresser on the *Aquitania*. But the submarine lost its way, and the trembling Trimmer found himself leading the first Britons since Dunkirk back onto the French coast. Somehow Trimmer's sergeant blew up a rail line, while the press officer quoted tipsy encouragement to the captain. "For God's sake, come on," squeaked Trimmer from the small boat, as the sappers returned. "Be of good comfort, Master Trimmer, and play the man," urged the press officer. "We shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England as I trust shall never be put out." After the press man edited the exploit, of course, the haircutter became England's darling and the War Cabinet itself deliberated over where his prowess might next be suitably employed.

Captain Trimmer is just one of the odd fish that Evelyn Waugh takes whenever he lets down his nets. This novel is chiefly about officers who have always been gen-



NOVELIST WAUGH
Mercy in justice.

tleman, particularly that "Christian gentleman," Guy Crouchback. It is every bit as good as *Men at Arms*, whose splendid characterizations and fine writing led many in 1952 to predict that its author had begun the best English fictional account of World War II. Waugh writes of the life and death of ruling-class commandmen with the authority of one who took part in raids on Bardia in Libya and fought in Yugoslavia. His eye for the ridiculous still flashes quick as a pistol. He can still write crushingly of spivvish parvenus and loony Hebridean lairds. But the formerly ferocious satirist continues to broaden and deepen the fascinating experiment, begun

in *Men at Arms*, of doling out uncertain portions of esteem and even affection to such characters as share his 18th century Tory's devotion to God, King and Country. As one result, a somewhat unforgetting melancholy runs through this often very funny book.

As Waugh explains it, *Men at Arms* and *Officers and Gentlemen*, covering the period of the Russo-German alliance, "constitute a whole." He has therefore scrapped his original plan for a trilogy to let these two books stand by themselves, though he plans to "follow the fortunes of the characters through the whole of their war" in later novels. *Men at Arms* began with Crouchback reading of the Russo-German alliance and rushing in "jubilation" to join a correct, old-line regiment. "A decade of shame seemed to be ending in light and reason, when the Enemy was plain in view, huge and hateful, all disguise cast off; the modern age in arms."

Officers and Gentlemen ends, after the rout on Crete and the nearly simultaneous breakup of the Russo-German alliance, with the hero's "deflation." Crouchback finds himself "back after less than two years' pilgrimage in a Holy Land of illusion in the old ambiguous world, where priests were spies and gallant friends proved traitors and his country was led blundering into dishonor." In a last "symbolical act," however, Crouchback burns papers he had brought out from Crete which would have proved that his fellow aristocrat—that faultlessly bred International Equestrian Champion Ivor Claire, whom he had once thought of as "quintessential England"—had funkled and fled his command. This, in the relentless author of *A Handful of Dust* and *The Loved One*, is something new. In the evolution of Evelyn Waugh, mercy appears to have arrived to season justice.

Love & Sin on a Tiger Skin

ELINOR GLYN (348 pp.)—Anthony Glyn—Doubleday (\$4.50).

The book which added "It" to the vocabulary of the '20s enthralled readers on two continents and enthroned Elinor Glyn as the sultriest literary siren of the pre-Kinsey age. Even more famous, of course, was *Three Weeks*, a swoon-making elixir that Elinor uncorked in 1907. *Three Weeks*, written in six, eventually sold some 5,000,000 copies, and featured a wildly romantic Balkan queen who greeted her lover from a reclining position on a tiger skin with a red rose between her teeth. The book was boycotted in Boston, blasted from pulpits, and celebrated in an anonymous ditty:

Would you like to sin
with Elinor Glyn
on a tiger skin?
Or would you prefer
to err
with her
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As her grandson Anthony Glyn (nom de plume for Sir Geoffrey Davson, Baronet) makes plain in his slightly pious but consistently entertaining biography, the



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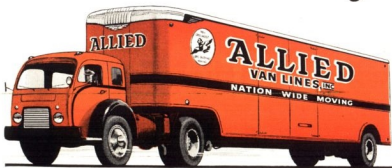
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woman behind the legend was no pantherish love goddess but a proper Victorian who put little sex into her books and found no satisfying love in her life.

Born on the isle of Jersey in 1864, Elinor Sutherland and her sister were brought up there and in Canada by her soon-widowed mother and various in-laws. In backwoods Ontario, the Sutherland girls were schooled in French and all the social graces. A ferociously aristocratic grandmother was a martinet on bearing, forever challenged the girls: "How would [you] behave on the steps of the guillotine?"

In the Brighton Baths. It was not until her mother remarried for money that Elinor was able to put her social training to use. With her red hair, green eyes, and powder-white face, she drew men in Paris and London like so many iron filings. When she was 26, four house-partying young gallants threw each other into a lake at 3 a.m., competing for her favors. This intrigued a longtime socialite bachelor named Clayton Glyn, who decided Elinor was just the girl for him. Elinor, in turn, took one look at his prematurely silvered hair and aristocratic bloodlines and decided he was the dream man she had been scribbling about in her diary.

For the honeymoon at Brighton in 1892, Clayton hired the public baths for two days so that his "Lorelei" could "swim up and down alone, naked, her long red hair, which when uncoiled reached her knees, trailing in the water behind her." But in a short two years all the romance had gone from their marriage. When Elinor confided to Clayton that a friend of his had the gall to kiss her, she was heartbroken to hear her husband chuckle. "Did he? Good old Brooke!" Clayton was ardent only for a male heir. When Elinor presented him with a second daughter, he took off for Monte Carlo in a huff and dropped £10,000 at cards and roulette. Elinor put her seething romantic frustrations into bestsellers such as *The Reflections of Ambrosine*, *The Vicissitudes of Evangeline* (U.S. title: *Red Hair*).

Gold Spittoons. The year after *Three Weeks* stunned the English-speaking world, Clayton stunned Elinor by announcing that they were up to her diamond tiara in debts. Elinor manfully shouldered them, and the rest of her life was a saga of deadlines, potboilers and IOUs. Clayton died in 1915, and Elinor was caught up in friendships with Lords Milner and Curzon, Philosopher F. H. Bradley and Field Marshal Mannerheim. If any of the eminent gentlemen went in for sin on a tiger skin, Grandson Anthony is discreetly mum on the subject.

Hollywood "discovered" Elinor Glyn in 1920, when Famous Players-Lasky offered her \$10,000 and traveling expenses to write an original scenario. Elinor stayed on to do nine more scripts (including *Three Weeks*), to instruct the screen moguls that English drawing rooms were not lined with gold spittoons, and to give the stars—Gloria Swanson, Rudolph Valentino and half a dozen others—their pointers on the art of love. "Do you know," she would say of Valentino later, "he had



Not even a Yogi could tell you!

NOBODY knows who's going to win the All-Star game in Milwaukee next Tuesday. That's one reason why they play it. But there's one man who can help you make the best guess on what will happen—and tell you more and more entertainingly about the talents of the men who will play—than can anybody else. He is Red Smith, the greatest living Smith in sports.

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—a swift, clear summary of the strategy of baseball by Jerry Tax, which for one thing made baseball make sense as it never did before to a lot of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**-reading wives who saw the article. (And secretly, to a lot of men too.)

—a look at Branch Rickey from *his* side of a front-office desk, which made Rickey himself write us, "Mrs. Rickey says you got me."

—"The Nine Lives of Leo Durocher," which made the practically peerless manager understandable for once

—clear-cut explanations of why the Cubs stayed up there this year long past their usual folding time, and what makes the White Sox a stronger pennant threat than ever

—color pictures of baseball's headliners . . . inside baseball by canny Oriole manager, Paul Richards

—all the scores and standings and high spots of baseball each week as they happen day-by-day during the season

—and that's nowhere near all. For one reason, we haven't space to tell it; for another, because so much is still ahead.

The All-Star game Preview is only the start of this week's **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. There's also another great **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** "Conversation Piece," with Walter Alston of the Dodgers; Bill Talbert's complete review of Wimbledon; the second of J. P. Marquand's amusing insights into country club life; four pages in full color on the beautiful sport of gliding—and a lot, lot more.

The man behind the mask, of course, is Yogi Berra. He's on this week's cover of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. And you don't even need Red Smith to tell you he'll be behind the plate for the American League when the game starts.

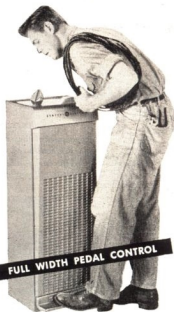


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U.S. NAVY BOMBERS SETTING JAPANESE SHIP AFIRE (CENTER) AT MIDWAY
In two minutes, a cure for the Victory Disease.

never even thought of kissing the palm, rather than the back, of a woman's hand until I made him do it!" With the invention of "It" ("That strange magnetism... There must be physical attraction, but beauty is unnecessary"). Elinor became the U.S.'s adopted expert on love. She got more fan mail than most stars, helped others achieve stardom, notably Clara Bow, the "It" Girl, and voiced her views from press and platform.

"The Man Doesn't Matter." Coming from the tiger skin lady, those views were strangely staid ("Touching ought to be reserved entirely for the loved one") and sometimes cynical ("It is wiser to marry the life you like, because, after a little, the man doesn't matter"). Though she was handsomely paid for these gems of amatory wisdom, she kept comparatively little of the money. She once signed a contract in Hollywood giving an agent a 50% commission on all her books and films, past as well as future. (When the family finally demanded that the agent make the contract public, he tore it up.)

During the eight years previous to her death in 1943, checks were doled out to her by her bankers, and she was free to dabble in her pet enthusiasms, automatic writing and reincarnation. She was quite certain that she had roamed the palace of Versailles during a previous existence, but apparently no one thought to ask her about her plans for the next incarnation.

The Other Side of Midway

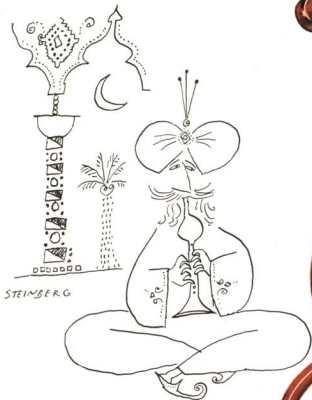
MIDWAY, THE BATTLE THAT DOOMED JAPAN (266 pp.)—Mitsuo Fuchida & Masatake Okumiya—U.S. Naval Institute [\$4.50].

In the months after Pearl Harbor, the restless aggressors who bossed the Imperial Japanese Navy cast loftily about for new coasts to conquer. Having smashed many of the biggest ships of the U.S. and

British fleets and landed their forces at will around the southern seas, they toyed between plans to go for India, Australia or Hawaii. It was Doolittle's Tokyo raid, launched in April 1942 from the U.S. carrier *Hornet*, that clinched the sea lords' new course of conquest. They decided to turn east, to capture Midway Island (1,300 miles northwest of Pearl Harbor) and use this outpost as an advance base for Japanese air patrols. As naval strategists they calculated that the attack would draw out the last remnant of the U.S. fleet—including those annoying U.S. flat-tops that had escaped the Pearl Harbor massacre.

Come Out & Fight. In this first complete Japanese account of the battle of Midway to be published in the U.S., Former Captain Mitsuo Fuchida, who led the bombing attack on Pearl Harbor and now preaches in Japan as a Christian missionary, evokes the long-forgotten months when the Imperial Navy was top dog of the Pacific. The Midway invasion fleet that he describes numbered more than 200 ships, the mightiest yet assembled by the Japanese. Proud in the van rode the powerful, fast carrier attack force that had spread destruction from Pearl Harbor to Ceylon. Its bonus of strength, the admirals agreed, was surprise. Its only fear was that the U.S. Navy might not dare come out and fight after the Imperial fleet opened the attack.

The night the force sailed Author Fuchida was knocked out of his air command by an emergency appendectomy. But early on the morning of June 4, he climbed shakily to the flight deck of the flagship *Akagi* to see his boys launch the first strike on Midway. He watched the carriers easily brush off first retaliatory attacks by land-based Marine and Army planes. Then: "A lookout screamed 'Hell-divers!' I looked up to see three black enemy planes plummeting toward our



discipline

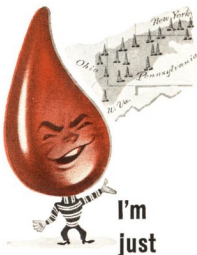
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ship. Some of our machine guns managed to fire a few frantic bursts at them, but it was too late. The plump silhouettes of the American 'Dauntless' dive bombers quickly grew larger, and then a number of black objects suddenly floated eerily from their wings. Bombs! Down they came straight toward me. I fell intuitively to the deck and crawled behind a command post mantelet."

Two Minutes. It was the U.S. fleet that had achieved the surprise. Caught with most of its planes aboard, the *Akagi* exploded and burned. So did two sister carriers, the *Kaga* and *Soryu* (*Hiryu*, the fourth, survived to be wrecked by an evening raid). In two minutes the whole course of the Pacific war changed. That night, its air striking power destroyed, the Japanese invasion armada turned in "emptiness, cheerlessness and chagrin" and limped for home. (The U.S. Navy lost



CAPTAIN FUCHIDA
Downed by appendicitis.

the *Yorktown*, one of the three carriers that it was able to muster for the great battle.)

Now well aware, in hindsight, that U.S. code crackers found out Japan's plans in advance, Fuchida and his co-author, another officer who survived the disaster, quote U.S. Naval Historian Samuel Eliot Morison's verdict that Midway was "a victory of intelligence." They have practically nothing good to say for their leaders' performance. They find the Imperial Navy's intelligence "ineffective." Its plan "faulty," its technology backward (only the U.S. had radar at Midway), its security procedures far slacker than before the Pearl Harbor attack. In the first week of June 1942, they say, all Japanese suffered from the "Victory Disease." The U.S. never allowed the Japanese generals and admirals the chance to recover from the consequences of that illness. After Midway, Japan fought no longer for victory but for a negotiated peace.

MISCELLANY

Paso de la Muerte. In Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, Pickpocket Adolfo Ramirez proudly told police he wished he could patent his new pilfering technique of spreading a sample of cloth over his right arm while posing as a piece-goods salesman, then distracting his victims' attention with left-handed gestures while his right hand explored their pockets.

Rules of the Road. In Uniontown, Pa., Truck Driver William Jackson, 59, was arrested on charges of firing his two pistols at ten approaching motorists who failed to dim their lights.

Mood Indigo. In Sydney, Australia, a jury awarded Musician Frederick Benedict McIntosh \$22,500 damages after he complained that he had given up his radio work, following an auto accident, because he had lost his "cheerfulness."

Unfinished Business. In Philadelphia, Clara Chmiel wrote to Willow Grove Amusement Park Manager Joseph Helprin, explained that a year ago she had become engaged to Stanley Gutowsky in the park's Tunnel of Love, asked and received permission to be married there.

The Hot Corner. In Dallas, a burglar broke into the Third Base Café, took \$40 from the cash drawer, loaded up on foodstuffs, left a note of explanation: "The cops told me to get out of town."

Lonely Heart. In Toyama, Japan, Choji Kato, 27, placed an advertisement in a teen-age magazine pleading for female companionship, seduced 96 of the 150 girls who answered, was arrested when police started investigating the series of robberies he had committed to defray dating expenses.

Social Security. In Artesia, N.Mex., insisting that the Government had no right to seize his \$83 bank account for alleged back taxes, Insurance Adjuster Lester Plummer sued Internal Revenue Agent C. Buck Caviness and "other unknown persons" for \$4.5 billion, explained: "I might as well get up into figures the Government can understand."

Tie Game. In Brisbane, Australia, suing for maintenance, Mrs. Gladys Mary Ross declared that husband Darch Ross tied her left hand to his right hand at night to prevent her from going out with other men, then falsely accused her in the morning of having untied the "love knot," slipped out, returned and retied the knot while he slept.

Chain of Evidence. In Bountiful, Utah, Town Marshal Turner Burningham investigated a theft of \$351 from a city hall safe, declared suspect everyone who had a key to the building, remembered that he had a key himself, turned the investigation over to the county sheriff.

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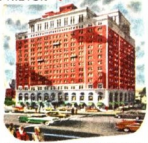
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